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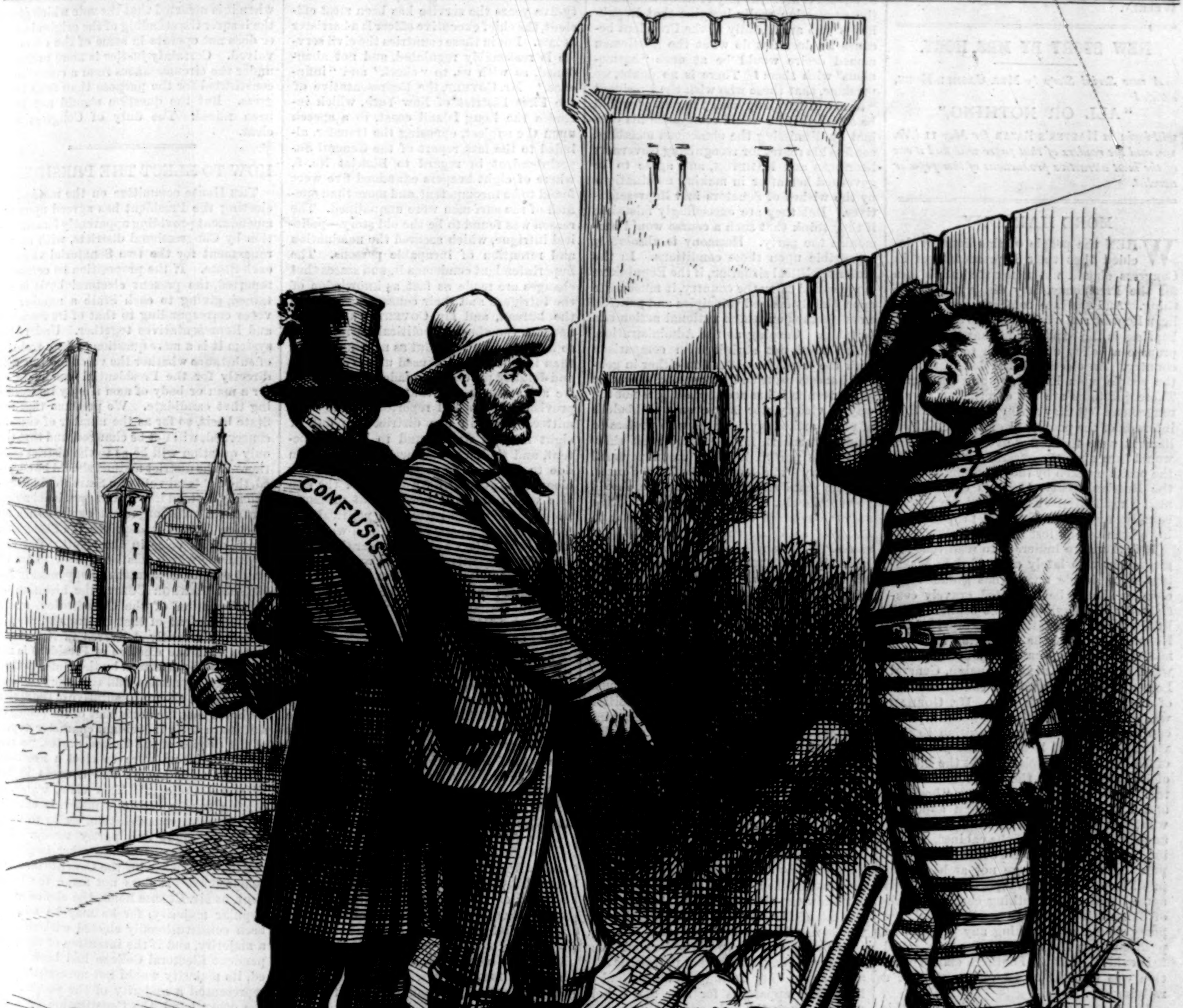

CONFUSEDISM.

HONEST LABOR. "You must not do any work; they say it will depreciate mine."
CONVICT LABOR. "All right. If you, your wife, and children will work for me, and be taxed by high rent, dear food, etc., to keep me in board and lodging, I don't object."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

The ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a splendid double-page engraving of one of the popular sports of the Bavarian peasants, and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW STORY BY MRS. HOEY.

A new Serial Story by MRS. CASHEL-HOEY, *entitled*

"ALL OR NOTHING,"

will begin in HARPER'S BAZAR *for May* 11 (*No.* 19), *and the readers of that paper will find it one of the most attractive productions of this popular novelist.*

MORE HARMONY.

WHEN the people of this country decided that their Representatives in Congress should not nominate candidates for the Presidency, they did a very wise thing. And the late conference of Republican Representatives and others shows how hopeless is the expectation that they could propose a policy upon which to go to the country. An election is the declaration of the people upon leading public questions. Those questions are not determined by arrangement, but they spring from the actual interests of the people. In England, if Parliament were to be dissolved, the election would turn upon the question of sustaining the position taken by the Government upon the Russian treaty. In this country the next Presidential election will turn upon equally real questions, unless principles have been wholly lost in party feeling.

It is therefore ludicrous to read that the gentlemen who lately assembled in Washington to decide upon what grounds the election should be contested, gravely considered the "juggling of the soldiers' roll" by the late Democratic Door-keeper of the House, and that to the suggestion that this matter should be prominently brought forward during the next campaign, General LOGAN replied that no use could be made of the juggling in Illinois. Mr. GORHAM was of opinion that the Republican party can never be placed in a position to win victories unless it is true to the principles of the past, and especially must the history of its dealings with the South be vindicated. General LOGAN was very "hostile," and Mr. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER approved what was said against the Administration; and several members of the cabinet, including General SCHURZ, were denounced as impractical men, who were not at heart Republicans. It was also reported that it was agreed that, while nothing could be made of POLK'S juggling the soldiers' roll, the party should avoid taking any pronounced position upon the financial question. And it is evident that the Southern claims question was thought to be very useful for a rallying cry.

Does any reasonable man think that this kind of groping and floundering serves any other purpose than to show helpless drifting? What are the principles to which Mr. GORHAM alluded? The principles of the Republican party in 1860 and 1864 and 1868 were seen in a policy adapted to the interests and situation of that time. What is the present policy of the party under the principles of justice and equal rights? If it be restoration of military supervision in the Southern States, and unchanged maintenance of the spoils system, and shirking the financial question, we trust those who advocate it will have the courage of their opinions, and say just what they mean. A sore head is not a policy. Sneers and gibes are not a policy. Sniffing silence is not a policy. Hostility to the President is not a policy, nor the emphatic opinion expressed by one Republican that another Republican is not a Republican. All this is mere impotence and ludicrous folly. In a letter from Mr. GORHAM, following the conference, he says that "we ought to affirm the righteousness and constitutionality of the reconstruction policy of the party, and to insist that its failure was due to the defiance of law by Southern Democrats, and not to the wickedness of Southern Republicans." But with the history of Louisiana and South Carolina in full view, including Mr. FRANKLIN J. MOSES, it is impossible for any honest Republican to make any such wholesale assertion; and the implication that the President or any friend of the Administration has attributed what Mr. GORHAM calls "the failure" of Republican reconstruction to the wickedness of Southern Republicans is, so far as we have observed, wholly without justification.

It is continually suggested by Republicans who openly and covertly attack the Administration, who describe it as friendless, treacherous, and contemptible, that a last supreme and patriotic effort should be made to induce the President to act in harmony with the party; that is to say, an effort should be made to persuade the President to conform to the views of those Republicans for whom Messrs. GORHAM, LOGAN, and CHANDLER may be supposed to speak. If he should consent, do any of those who make the suggestion really imagine that Republicans who are friendly to the President because he does not do what the gentlemen named desire would be at once "harmonious" with them? There is no doubt, we presume, that those who wish the President "to act in harmony with the party" would be satisfied if he would reorganize his cabinet by dismissing the obnoxious members, confess his regret for recognizing Governors NICHOLLS and HAMPTON, and agree to be governed hereafter in making nominations by the wishes of Senators and Representatives. But they are exceedingly mistaken if they think that such a course would harmonize the party. Harmony is absolutely impossible upon these conditions. In the present political situation, if the Republican party would carry the country, it must unite upon plainly defined principles and policies, on subjects upon which national action can be taken. Carping at the Administration, which need not shrink from comparison with the late Administration either in general honesty or, tried by a year, in the value of the results it has accomplished, is not the way to victory, nor is it even a shibboleth of party orthodoxy. Those who profess so tender a concern for the party must show that "the party" does not mean personal advantage. The Secretary of the Senate, of some years' standing, for instance, should go very slowly, as the boys say, in sneering at "the recruits of SCHURZ and KEY and EVARTS" as being "near the commissary stores." There are boomerangs in politics. If, as Mr. GORHAM remarks, those who hold his views and his spirit are "dangerously numerous," the danger lies only in the possibility that they may control, and so inevitably defeat, the Republican party.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

THE Committee of Commerce in the House have reported adversely to the proposition to transfer the charge of the Life-saving Service from the Treasury to the Navy Department. The late catastrophes of the *Huron* and the *Metropolis* have called general attention to the subject, and negligence or incapacity on the part of the Life-saving Service has been vaguely supposed to be the cause of the enormous loss of life in each case. But the *Huron* was wrecked on the 24th of November, when the life-saving stations on that coast were not open, because the insufficiency of the appropriation did not allow the manning of the stations until the 1st of December. The *Metropolis* was wrecked midway between the stations, which are much too widely separated. The surf-men, exhausted by long patrols, having all been on duty during the storm, had to haul their apparatus for four and a half miles through the gale and the soft sand, in which the wheels and their feet sank deeply at every step. The captain of the *Metropolis* declared that had the surf-men arrived earlier, all on board might have been saved. But it was in these cases neither the negligence nor incapacity of the men, it was the foolish parsimony of the service, that prevented the timely succor—a defect which the officers of the service have frequently pointed out.

The history of the service is simple. Before 1871 the name was applied to a few rude huts on the Long Island and New Jersey coasts for the protection of boats and a little life-saving apparatus. The organization was meagre and inefficient; but such were the good results even of so wretched a system that in 1870 Congress made an appropriation for regular surf crews for three months in the year—from December 1 to March 1. The next Congress made ampler provision for the employment of crews and the improvement and increase of buildings. The Treasury Department organized a system as thorough as the means and circumstances permitted. During the five years following there were 3189 lives and $5,254,000 worth of property saved from wrecked vessels. During the last fiscal year there were 134 wrecks. The value of the vessels was nearly $2,000,000, and that of the cargoes more than $1,300,000. The value of the property saved was $1,713,647, and of the 1500 persons upon these vessels only thirty-nine were lost.

There have been complaints of inefficiency arising from the abuses of patronage in the appointments of keepers and crews, and it has been proposed as a remedy to place the whole matter in charge of officers of the navy. The complaint is most legitimate, but the remedy is not well considered. The local keepers and crews for the stations should be men familiar with the coasts, fitted by residence and experience as surf-men. Naval officers and seamen are trained for other work, and have a wholly different experience. In other countries it is a matter of civil administration, and in Russia it was the authorities of the navy that recommended the change from its own to a civil care. In England, where for twenty-five years the service has been most efficient, the chief executive officer is a barrister at law. But in those countries the civil service is reasonably regulated, and not abandoned, as with us, to "cheek" and "influence." Mr. COVERT, the Representative of the First District of New York, which includes the Long Island coast, in a speech upon the subject, opposing the transfer, alluded to the last report of the General Superintendent in regard to District No. 5, where of eight keepers examined five were found to be incompetent, and more than one-fifth of the surf-men were unqualified. The reason was found to be the old story—political intrigue, which secured the nomination and retention of incapable persons. The Superintendent condemns it, and states that changes are made as fast as knowledge of the intrigues and their consequences reach the bureau, and Mr. COVERT warmly denounces the abuse of political patronage in so humane a service. But as nothing is surer than that it will be abused unless stringent and detailed provision is made against abuse, we are sorry to say that we find no such provision in the bill reported by the committee. That in one district five out of eight keepers were found to be incompetent, and their appointment and retention due to political influence, is a sufficiently eloquent argument for a reform of the system which not only permits but promotes such a result. As between a political and a naval life-saving service, which would be a choice of evils, we should prefer the naval. But the alternative could be avoided by a simple and reasonable system of ascertaining fitness before appointment by some other method than the recommendation of a county committee, or of a Congressional candidate or member of Congress.

THE INSURERS AND THE GENEVA AWARD.

THE United States have appeared as the friends of international arbitration. But the protest against the Halifax award, and the refusal to distribute the remainder of the Geneva award to its owners under the decision of the tribunal, are sorry commentaries upon fine professions. The Geneva decision awarded $15,500,000 to the United States from Great Britain. The tribunal put aside all classes of "indirect" claims, and recognized as valid only those of owners of ships and property destroyed, claims for personal injuries, claims for loss of wages, and claims for insurance and interest; and it held that all claims of any kind whatever which had not been presented to the board should be considered, after the final judgment, as forever barred and inadmissible. By the act of 1874 one-third of the sum awarded has been distributed, and there remains now in the Treasury the sum of $10,000,000, mainly representing insurance claims, all others having been adjusted. Under the ruling of the tribunal, therefore, the money remaining belongs to the insurance claims, and to no others.

The answer to the question why payment is withheld is very simple. It is that claims not recognized at Geneva and expressly barred by the award are now pressed as participants in the fund remaining. Among these are the war-premium claims. But these were ruled out by the tribunal, and were withdrawn by the United States. Then there are claims for losses by vessels whose responsibility was expressly denied by the tribunal, and which are consequently no claims at all under the terms of the award. But it is argued that the money was paid to the United States as a general indemnity, and that they may distribute it as they choose. This, however, is not only to deny the indisputable facts in regard to the award, but it is to say that the United States may give the money to any body. The insurance claims were presented to the tribunal by the United States like all other private claims, and they form a large part of the admitted demands for whose satisfaction the money was awarded.

The desperate argument is now urged, however, that if the insurers received during the war for war premiums more than the amount of their losses, they ought to receive nothing. But there is only one question in the matter—What are the terms of the award? Congress is not the tribunal of arbitration. Congress has no right whatever to revise the judgment in any point or degree. Its sole function is to provide for promptly carrying out the award in its spirit and according to its letter. The insurers stand absolutely in the place of original owners and upon well-settled and reasonable principles, and the pettifogging attempts to deprive them of an unquestionable right ought not to delay simple justice upon the part of the United States. The pending bill to refer all remaining claims to a legal tribunal is wise, in so far as Congress is plainly an unfit body to settle questions of law. And a very serious question arises when it is asserted that the rule which gives the insurer the standing of the original owner does not operate in some of the cases involved. Certainly justice is more probable under the circumstances from a commission constituted for the purpose than from Congress. But the question should not have been raised. The duty of Congress was clear.

HOW TO ELECT THE PRESIDENT.

THE House committee on the method of electing the President has agreed upon an amendment providing apparently for an election by Congressional districts, with an arrangement for the two Senatorial votes in each State. If the proposition be correctly reported, the present electoral basis is retained, giving to each State a number of votes corresponding to that of its Senators and Representatives together. Under this system it is a mere question of form and not of substance whether the votes shall be cast directly for the Presidential candidate or for a man or body of men simply representing that candidate. We presume that the State basis, so far as the number of votes is concerned, will not be changed, and that the only question will be as to the district election. If the district method should be adopted, the electoral vote of a State would be politically divided like its Congressional representation. The argument against such an election is that it deprives the State, as a State, of its voice in the result. But this argument, which has been held to be of great weight, encounters an opponent in Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, the historian of the formation of the Constitution, and a careful student of that instrument, who, in a lecture recently delivered in New York, states that the election of President is not an act to be performed by the States in their sovereign capacities, and that the President is in no sense the representative of the States. He holds that the act is that of the people of a State in their individual character as part of the people of the United States, "a majority of whom were to elect a President through their agents and trustees in the Electoral College." This view, which, as coming from a careful student, is entitled to respectful consideration, seems to us to be partly right and partly wrong. The electoral system, like the other important original provisions of the Constitution, is a compromise. It does not make the President, as Mr. CURTIS holds, the choice of the popular majority, for he may be and has been constitutionally elected without such a majority, and if the intention of the independent Electoral College had been fulfilled, its majority would not necessarily have represented a majority of the people. On the other hand, the Constitution does not make the President the choice of the States, because they are not electorally equal.

The district system of election is preferable as giving the true voice of the people of the State, which should be heard in the Executive as it is in the Legislative election, and the district system brings the question more closely to the people. The argument of Mr. HERBERT, of Alabama, who is one of the committee, that the present plan prevents universal political excitement by confining the stress of the campaign to a few States, does not seem to us to be sound. On the contrary, the excitement is weakened by diffusion, while the chances of corruption are very greatly diminished. The desirable thing is to keep every voter active in his own district in his own State, and not to concentrate all effort and money and interest upon two or three doubtful States. The result would be as beneficial, and for much of the same reason, as a simultaneous day of election.

But a vitally important part of a revised electoral method must be the provision for settling disputed results. This must be clearly defined, as it is not now, and it was because of the obscurity that the danger

last year was so imminent. A conflict of jurisdiction between the two Houses must be made impossible, and the function of the Vice-President or the presiding officer must be clearly prescribed. This need not be a difficult task, for the principle is plain. It is the constitutional intention that the people of the States shall elect the President either by districts or otherwise. All questions, therefore, should be settled by the States, that the office of Congress may be merely ministerial. The question is of the highest importance. The country can not be exposed safely to another crisis like that of last year. And if the committee can agree upon a simple proposal, public opinion will demand that it be accepted by Congress and submitted to the States. In the lecture to which we have alluded Mr. CURTIS objects strongly to prohibiting Congress from inquiring into the honesty of the returns from a State. But we can see no reason to suppose that a Congressional inquiry would be more honest or efficient or satisfactory than that of the State courts or authorities, while the proposition that Congress shall canvass the entire return—for it is nothing less than that—is one that the good judgment of the country can hardly entertain. Action upon the subject ought not to be delayed.

DOOR-KEEPING STATESMANSHIP.

THE *Congressional Record* is a ludicrous commentary upon the theory that Congress is an assembly of intelligent and public-spirited citizens engaged in deliberating and legislating for the common advantage. The late performance in the House at the election of a Door-keeper was one of the most contemptible pieces of demagogism that has ever been seen even in Congress. General BUTLER, who is fond of propitiating "the Irish vote," and who delivers from time to time a lecture upon the Irish soldier, nominated General SHIELDS, an "Irish-American" soldier of the Mexican war, and who served on the Union side during the rebellion, as Door-keeper of the House. General BUTLER is a Republican, and of course one of the minority, and by a party usage, which no one sustains more vigorously than he, the appointment of Door-keeper is determined by a caucus of the majority. But General SHIELDS is a Democrat, and an Irish hero, and a Union soldier, and his nomination was intended to force the Democrats either to receive the Doorkeeper from a Republican, or to oppose an Irishman, and so alienate Irish feeling, and a Union soldier, and so disgust the Union military sentiment. The Democrats regularly nominated an ex-Confederate brigadier from Georgia, and this fact made the issue more pointed.

General BUTLER's purpose was evident enough. But the terror of Congress is a "record." To be "put on the record" this way or that way is the most awful of ordeals to the average Congressional mind. And upon this feeling General BUTLER played. His regard for General SHIELDS of course is like Mark Twain's grief at the grave of ADAM, spontaneous and sincere. The occasion also offered an opportunity patriotically to revive the feelings of the war, and it was duly improved. General BUTLER begged the Democratic House not to hurry Union men too fast by constantly showing its preference for ex-Confederates to ex-Union soldiers. Then he remarked that the Democratic candidate ought to have been hung, and escaped only by the clemency of the government. Incidentally he observed that he was the only man who had ever done the justice of hanging to a Confederate, which remark invited a biting retort from Mr. BLACKBURN, of Kentucky. After wasting some hours in wretched recriminations, the utterly hollow performance ended by the election of the regular candidate, and the passage of a bill authorizing the President to appoint General SHIELDS a brigadier on the retired list, to which proposition Mr. EDMUNDS, in the Senate, objected, on the ground that he would not select one gallant soldier out of a thousand to help a party out of a scrape.

The "record" of neither party was in any degree changed by the affair, except that the Republicans were forced into the false position of supporting a Democratic candidate whom they could not have believed to be a fit man for the place. The whole affair was sheer "Buncombe," and in nothing more than in the attempt to renew the sectional hostility of the war. The Union has now been formally and fully restored. There has been a general amnesty. The country has declined to punish in any way the ex-Confederates, even the chiefs, and the laws make no discrimination against them as citizens. They now stand upon the same footing with all others, and as they constitute a most important part of the Democratic party, it is not surprising that they are "recognized" by that party. That they will control their party is very probable, but their control as ex-Confederates is not a just ground of opposition, unless the ex-Confederates, as such, can be shown to harbor dangerous designs. The object of Republicans, therefore, obviously should be to expose those designs if they exist, but not to excite a vague prejudice by appeals to old passions, which can only serve to inflame jealousies and suspicions which ought to expire. The performance of General BUTLER was too plainly a trick, and not a successful one, to be of any service to the party.

HOMICIDE AS A PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

THE shooting of an actress in Pawtucket by a fellow-actress is a startling illustration of carelessness in the public authorities, and of want of common regard for human life upon the part of the public. That such a performance should be tolerated is incredible. One woman placed an apple on her head, and another fired a bullet at it from a musket, and killed her. The attraction of such an act was the mortal peril of the victim. It was an utter and wanton trifling with human life, which should not have been allowed to occur more than once, and the homicide is a serious reproach upon the authorities of the town. The catastrophe should serve to call public attention more closely to such risks, and to regulate exhibitions more stringently. Cock-fights and other tortures of brutes as amusements are illegal, and the same care should be extended to human beings. Men and women may be hired or forced to take the most perilous risks for the public entertainment, but there is no sounder principle than that which authorizes legal interference in such cases.

It is easy to understand the consternation and grief of the unwitting author of this melancholy calamity. It was only a daredevil challenge to popular amazement and admiration. She may have shot the apple a dozen times, but any manager who permits it to be tried again should be made to suffer. No personal ill intention, of course, can be charged, but it may be supposed that criminal carelessness can be easily established. In any case, the event should put an end to exhibitions which depend for their attraction and excitement upon the wanton risk of human life, and in this way the poor creature who was killed has probably saved many lives which, except for her fate, would have been as recklessly exposed.

CONGRESS AND THE RAILROADS.

THE decisive vote in the Senate in favor of the bill of the Judiciary Committee protecting the rights of the government in its relations with the Pacific railroads is a subject of public congratulation. The majority comprised the weight of the Senate, although, as on every great question of the session, the party lines were disregarded. Of the forty votes for maintaining the just rights of the United States, there were eleven Republican and twenty-nine Democratic, and of the nineteen opposing votes, thirteen were Republican and six were Democratic. The cleverest advocates of the railroad side were Messrs. MATTHEWS and BLAINE, while Messrs. EDMUNDS, THURMAN, and BAYARD urged with great ability the argument of the government. It is understood that the lobby arrayed against the bill of the committee was the ablest known in Washington, and Senator EDMUNDS spoke of it in the severest tone as actually obtruding itself upon the Senate. There was a general conviction that it had hesitated at nothing, and the defeat of the bill would have left a shadow upon the good name of the Senate which could not be readily removed.

Without some such legislation as this bill provides it is very doubtful whether the debt of the roads to the government would have been paid. The bill compels the roads to put aside a certain proportion of their net income as a sinking fund finally to pay the debt. The reason and justice and expediency of this course have been plainly stated in the arguments of the Senators advocating it. And apart from the merits of the particular case, the struggle has been regarded as a test of the power of enormous corporations over Congress. The railroad revelations of the last few years have ruined many Congressional reputations, and have shown how insidious and fatal to manly honor and independence the influence of great corporations may be. In his eulogy upon Mr. SEWARD before the Legislature of New York, Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS said that he was ashamed to be obliged to state that Mr. SEWARD was pecuniarily honest, that he did not use his public position, directly or indirectly, for his own private pecuniary advantage. But he thought that the time had come when it was necessary to say so. A severer thing could not have been said. But no one who has followed closely the history of public subsidies to great corporations can doubt that Mr. ADAMS was justified in saying so.

PERSONAL.

AN absurd incident at the ROSEBERY-ROTHSCHILD wedding is thus piquantly alluded to in the London *World:* "O ye sons and daughters of men, when will you give up worshipping false gods? During the marriage service last Wednesday, when Miss HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD was being transposed into the Countess of Rosebery, and the whole congregation was kneeling devoutly in prayer, the Prince of Wales tried to slip in like an ordinary mortal conscious of being late. The moment he was espied, the public forgot it was a congregation assembled in the Church of England, and rose *en masse* to its feet, causing quite a disturbance in the midst of the solemnity, and began courtesying and whispering until H.R.H. found shelter 'neath the ample shadow of Lady COUTTS LINDSAY's wing." There were, by-the-way, representatives at the wedding of the leading Hebrew families of London—MONTEFIORE, COHEN, MOCUTTA, and some who have made little changes in their names, of whom it was once said by the head of the Frankfort house, "Although they can change their names, they never can change their noses."

—Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE, editor of London *Truth*, declares that he recently went to a ritualistic church in which the clergyman pronounced the text, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," in such a way as to make it sound, "He that hath *yaws* to *yaw*, let him *yaw*."

—Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, who worked his own way through college, is said to give quietly large sums to charities, his most common gifts being in money to poor young men who are trying to educate themselves.

—Mr. WILLIAM BLAIKIE, whose communication recently published in our columns, apropos of CHARLES READE's letters on the "Coming Man," attracted so much attention, contributes to the May number of *Harper's Magazine* a comprehensive and well-considered paper on the subject of "Free Muscular Development." He exposes the fallacies so commonly entertained in regard to the utility of rowing, walking, etc., and shows by how simple and inexpensive means a symmetrical muscular development may be attained.

—Among the American sculptors at present pursuing their studies abroad is Mr. EDWARD KEMEYS, whose groups of animal statuary have already made a name for him both in this country and in Europe. A writer in the London *Spectator* recently said of him: "From his boyhood he has lived among the wild animals of the great West, observing their habits and studying their structure with the eyes of a naturalist and an artist combined. Having thus gained complete and intimate knowledge of his material, he has employed his sculptor's instinct for form and grouping to create a series of animal portraits unequalled, so far as we know, for truth of detail and picturesque breadth of treatment. In fact, such work as Mr. KEMEYS's is very rare in any branch of art, and it is not too much to say that in the particular line which he has chosen he need fear no rival." Mr. KEMEYS, who is in his thirty-fifth year, is the son of the Superintendent of Truancy in this city.

—Commodore F. A. PARKER, U.S.N., is about to publish an account of the battle in Mobile Bay, materials for which have been gathered from Admiral FARRAGUT's memorandum-book, and from other Union and Confederate sources.

—Mr. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Professor of Art at Harvard University, proposes to have thirty or thirty-five of TURNER's etchings of the designs for the "Liber Studiorum" reproduced by the heliotype process, as nearly as possible in fac-simile, and of the size of the original. This he does in concert with Mr. RUSKIN, who has sent the TURNER etchings from his own collection. It is an undertaking solely in the interest of good art. The plates will be issued in a portfolio for subscribers only, and the price of a set will be ten dollars. They will probably be delivered in June, and Professor NORTON desires that early notice may be given him by those who wish to subscribe.

—GEORGE E. WHITING, a Boston organist, has been invited to be organist of the great $30,000 instrument now building in Cincinnati. He is offered $5000 a year for five years, on condition that he shall play in the cathedral on Sundays and give three concerts a week.

—In the *Life of George Ticknor* he mentions a call made upon Cardinal MEZZOFANTI in 1837, one of the most remarkable linguists of any age. He was a small, lively little gentleman, modest, simple, and good-natured. His English was not spoken with a good accent, though with great fluency. The only striking fact he mentioned about himself was that he learned to talk modern Greek easily *in eight days*.

—One of the briefest and neatest speeches delivered at the BAYARD TAYLOR dinner at DELMONICO's was by Mr. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who said: "Mr. Chairman, I had fondly hoped that I might be allowed to keep to that golden silence which seems to me the better part of the bimetallic basis of social currency. I am *no* speaker, not even a bad one. All that I can do is to wish our guest godspeed, and beg him to remember that while he can not remain too long in Germany to honor us, he can not come home too soon to please us."

—JAMES TUCKER and DAVID LIVINGSTONE, two wealthy retired wood-carvers, have given $25,000 each for the foundation of a home for their destitute fellow-craftsmen in Eastern Massachusetts.

—The adopted son of the late MARK HOPKINS, the California millionaire, is a young man now at college, and familiarly called "Tim." He is now one of the principal heirs to an estate of $15,000,000.

—Mr. BANTING, the Englishman who has given his name to that process by which pinguid people are enabled to emaciate themselves, has recently died at the fat age of eighty-five. Mr. BANTING was a high-grade undertaker—undertaker to the Queen, as he was allowed to style himself. In remote years he suffered from enormous obesity. For a decade he had not enjoyed the well-known pleasure of tying his shoe, and was obliged to walk down stairs backward lest the overweight of the front part of his person should cause him to roll down *à la cart wheel*. These inconveniences induced him to intersperse the sad duties of undertaking with those physiological studies and experiments which led to an abandonment of farinaceous and saccharine food, and resulted in reducing him to that daintiness of form he so much desiderated, and which has been adopted by other people who "lard the lean earth" from overperspiration, and whose waddling gait is so very funny to the eye of irreverent boys. Seriously, there was a good deal of BANTING, and his system has merit.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Naval Appropriation Bill, as amended by the committee, passed the Senate on the 5th inst.—The credentials of George H. Pendleton as Senator from Ohio from March 4, 1879, were presented in the Senate on the 8th inst. The House, by a vote of 123 to 101, elected General Charles W. Field, of Georgia, the Democratic nominee, Door-keeper, in place of Colonel Polk. General Field served in the rebel army under General Lee, and was subsequently engaged in the Egyptian service. His disabilities were removed two months ago. The Republican nominee was a Union soldier, General James Shields, of Missouri.—On the 9th, the Senate, by a vote of 40 to 19, passed the Pacific Railroad Sinking Fund Bill as reported from the Judiciary Committee. The House dissented from the Senate amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriations Bill. A bill was reported from the House Committee on Banking and Currency providing for the issue of $322,790,810 of treasury notes for the retirement of national bank notes.—In the House, on the 10th, Mr. Potter introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution which provides that after 1880 Congress shall hold but one session in two years, unless called by the President. The Senate confirmed the nomination of John W. Hoyt to be Governor of Wyoming Territory.—On the 11th, the Senate passed the Deficiency Appropriation Bill; and the House passed the Pension Appropriation Bill, after striking out the section abolishing pension agencies.

William M. Tweed, the notorious leader of the Tammany Ring, died in Ludlow Street Jail on the 12th inst., after a short illness. He was fifty-five years old.

The Illinois Democratic State Convention met at Springfield, on the 11th inst., and nominated E. L. Cronkhite for Treasurer. The Oregon State Convention, on the same day, nominated W. W. Thayer for Governor.

Fifteen insane paupers were burned to death in the Steuben County Poor-house, two miles north of Bath, in this State, on the 7th inst. The fire was lighted by one of the inmates, who also perished in the flames.

Eight men were killed and several injured by the collision of a freight and oil train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, near Slatington, on the 5th inst.

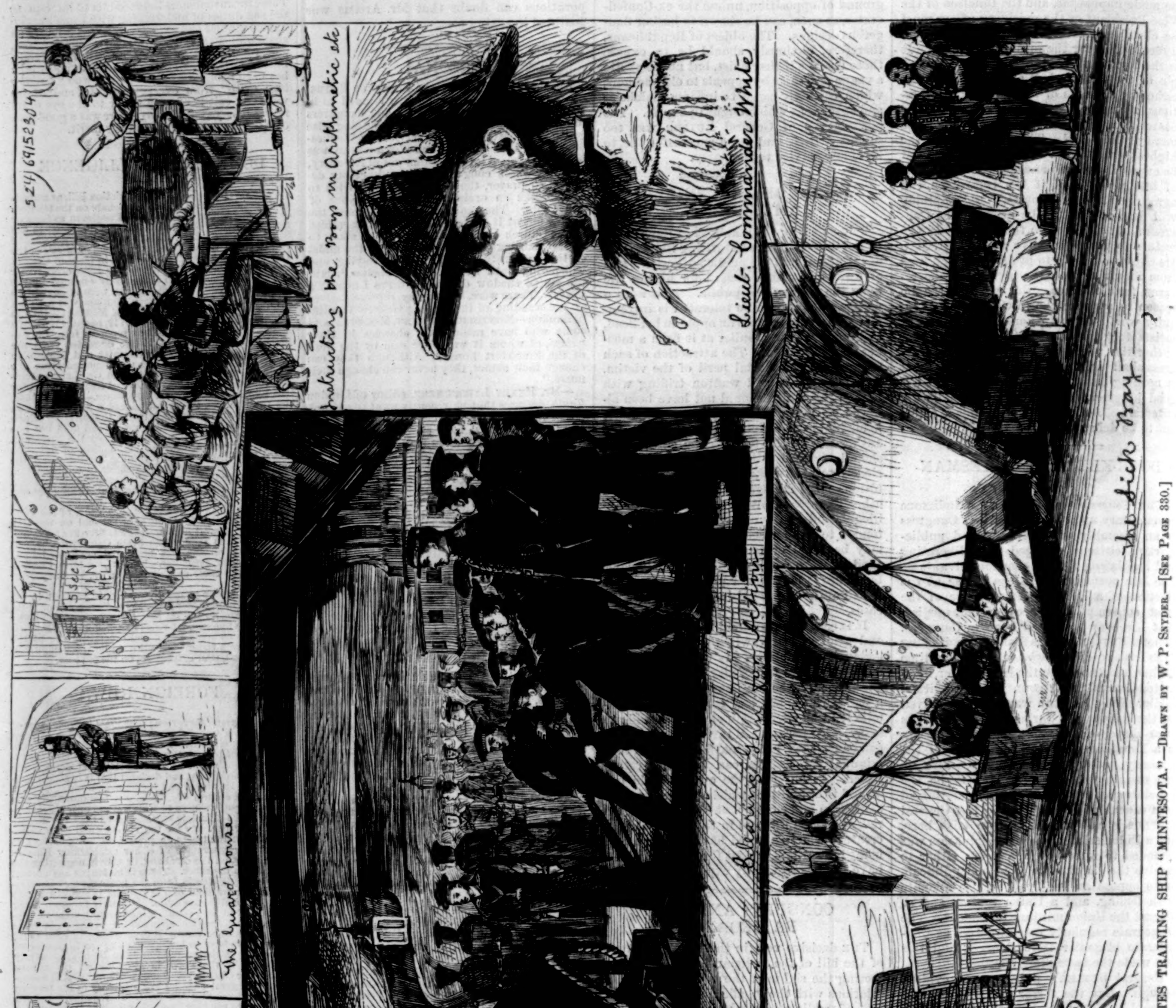
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION: The most important event of the week was Prince Gortchakoff's reply to Lord Salisbury's circular. The British assertions are contested point by point, but the general tone of the reply is conciliatory. Prince Gortchakoff defends the San Stefano Treaty, and declares that it is simply provisional. He denies that it creates a strong Sclav state under the control of Russia, and maintains that the arrangements relative to Bulgaria are only a development of the principle established by the Constantinople Conference. As for the Thessaly and Epirus stipulations of the treaty, they were intended, he says, to avoid the appearance of either establishing Russian supremacy, on the one hand, or utterly neglecting the Greeks, on the other. There is no longer any pretext for debarring Russia from the possession of Bessarabia, as the freedom of the Danube is secured by the International Commission. Batum is far from being equivalent to the pecuniary indemnity which it represents. The Russian acquisitions in Armenia have only a defensive value. Russia wishes to hold them so as not to have to besiege them at the beginning of each war. Existing treaties have been successively infringed by the Porte in violating its obligations toward the Christians. Lord Salisbury himself recognizes that great changes are necessary in the treaties hitherto regulating the East. It remains for Lord Salisbury to say how he would reconcile these treaties and the recognized rights of Great Britain and the other powers with the benevolent ends to which the united action of Europe has always been directed, and the attainment of which one learns with pleasure the English government desires, namely, good government, peace, and liberty for the oppressed populations. It is equally for the Marquis of Salisbury to say how he could attain the desired end outside the preliminaries of San Stefano, and yet at the same time take due account of the rights Russia has acquired by the sacrifices she has borne alone.—The British House of Lords, on the 8th, and the Commons, on the 9th, agreed to the Earl of Beaconsfield's address of thanks to the Queen for her Majesty's message calling out the reserves, without division. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's amendment, contesting the necessity of the Queen's action, was rejected by the Commons by a vote of 319 to 64.—The Grand Duke Nicholas continues to demand the forts on the Upper Bosporus, and also the evacuation of Batum. Russian officials of rank at Bucharest declare that they fully expect the English fleet to succeed in forcing its way into the Black Sea in the event of war. Hence their efforts to increase the facilities for land transport over lines not accessible to interruption from the fleet, and as far distant as possible from the Austrian frontier. They have taken measures for constructing a military railway between Belgrad, on the newly completed Bender and Galatz line, and Ismail, and also a short line connecting Reni with the wharves on the Danube. They are also rapidly building a large and apparently permanent bridge over the Pruth, at Sculeni. The Grand Duke Nicholas has obtained an order from the Sultan to the Turkish troops to stop the erection of defensive works lately begun between San Stefano and Constantinople. A Pera dispatch says that 14,000 Russians are sick from San Stefano to Adrianople, nearly half of them with typhus fever.—The Roumanian government officially affirms the correctness of Prince Ghika's reports of his interviews with Prince Gortchakoff, when the latter used threatening language. Prince Ghika has been authorized to declare that the Roumanian army would suffer itself to be crushed rather than be disarmed. A Reuter telegram from Bucharest says that Russian troops, especially artillery, have arrived at various places on the Roumanian bank of the Danube. They have entered Fratesti, and command the railway station at Giurgevo. They have also occupied important positions on the Nyashlov River. In consequence of the urgent demands of Russia, M. Cogalniceano, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has asked Prince Charles to recall M. Baltchano, the Roumanian representative at Vienna. In the Senate, on the 10th inst., Minister Cogalniceano refused to say what course the government would take if Russia demanded the conclusion of a convention to secure the passage of her troops. M. Stourdza complained that the absence of M. Bratiano, the Premier, prevented the government from acting, although Russia was beginning her threatened occupation.—Eight thousand Thessalian refugees from burned villages have found shelter in Greece. They are utterly destitute.

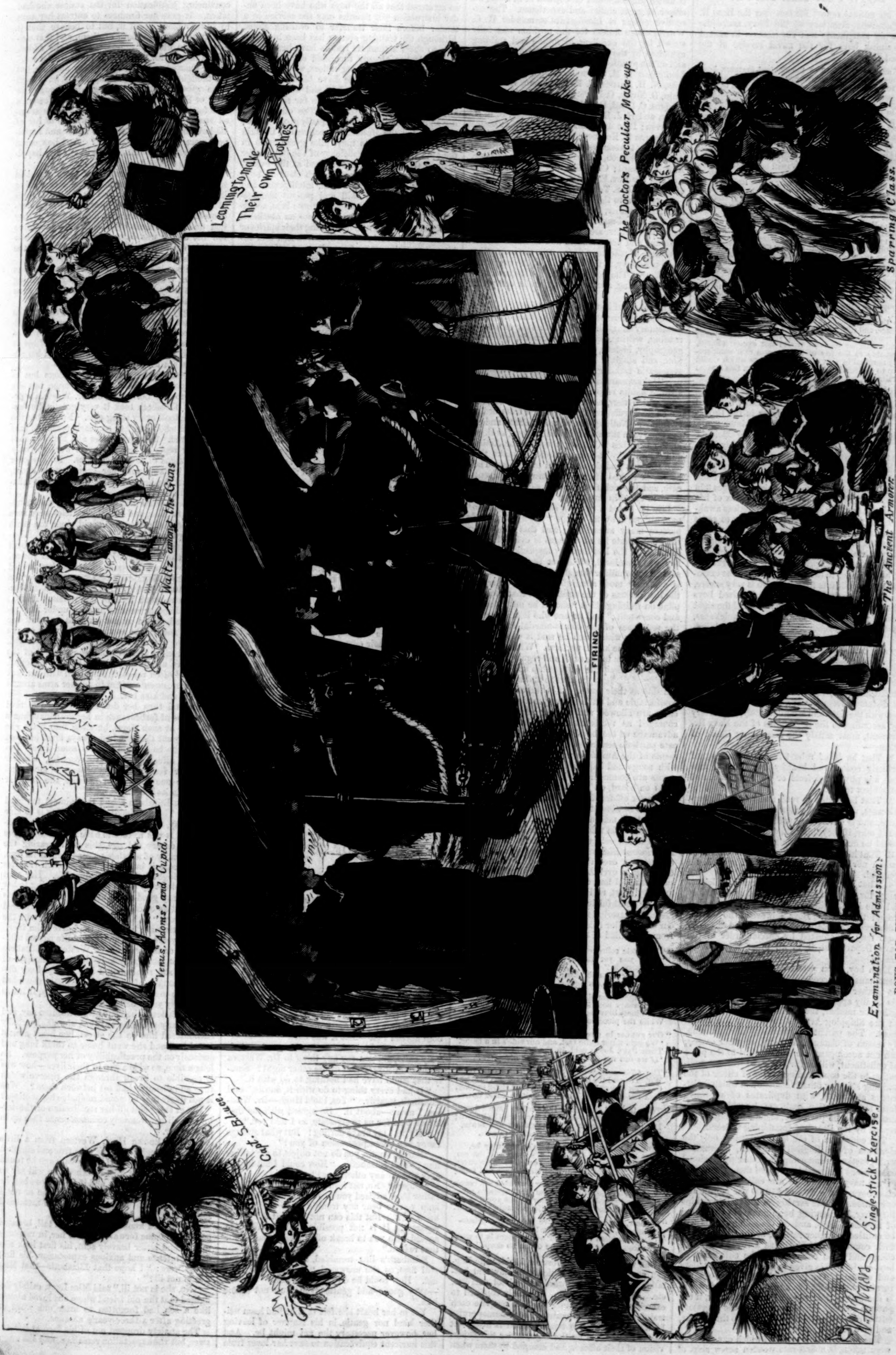
Fifteen supplementary elections to fill vacancies in the Chamber of Deputies, caused by invalidations of the previous elections, took place in France on the 7th inst. Fourteen Republicans were returned, and one second ballot is necessary.

A destructive fire occurred in Tokio, Japan, on the 17th ult. Four thousand houses were burned, and one life was lost.

Prince Murat died on the 11th inst., in his seventy-fifth year.



BOYS FOR THE NAVY—UNITED STATES TRAINING SHIP "MINNESOTA."—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 330.]



BOYS FOR THE NAVY—UNITED STATES TRAINING SHIP "MINNESOTA."—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 330.]

BOYS FOR THE NAVY.

In his annual report for last year the Hon. R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, made the following statements and suggestions in regard to training boys for the naval service of the United States:

"Under section 1418 of the Revised Statutes, boys between sixteen and eighteen years of age are authorized to be enlisted in the navy, to serve until twenty-one years of age. With a view to secure practically the good effects of this provision, the department has had in operation for two years a training system for the purpose of introducing a class of well-trained young seamen into the navy to take the place of the old men-of-war's men, who are fast disappearing, as well as gradually to man our ships of war with American citizens who appreciate their relations to the government, and will be always ready to defend its honor and its flag. By this mode we shall be enabled to give to our naval service a more distinctive national character, such as it has hitherto very much lacked, in so far as the enlisted men are concerned. At present there are 458 of these boys under training, and 324 have passed out of the training ships into the general service.

"The English government has availed itself of this method of training its seamen, and its navy has derived material benefits from it. Already the system has worked so satisfactorily in our navy that it is very desirable it should receive whatever advantages can be given it by additional legislation. As the navy has been reduced by act of Congress to the low standard of 7500 men, if Congress should empower the department to enlist 750 boys annually, in addition to the present allowance of enlisted men, for the foregoing purpose, the beneficial effects of it would soon be manifest. This number annually enlisted will eventually man the navy, keep it supplied with seamen in time of peace, and form the nucleus of a larger force, should it become necessary, in time of war. The annual cost of this number of boys would not exceed $90,000, chargeable to the pay of the navy—a cost comparatively nominal in view of the advantages which would enure to the service and the country from this system of training."

The recent examination and inspection of the enlisted boys on board the admirably managed training ship *Minnesota*, then lying in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, at the close of the winter work, must have convinced every visitor of the efficiency and usefulness of the system thus highly commended by Secretary Thompson. The 256 boys on the ship exhibited a proficiency in their studies and in drill which reflected great credit on them and their instructors. Our sketches on pages 328 and 329 will give our readers a good idea of life on board a training ship, and will doubtless awaken in many a youthful heart the desire to serve his country on the blue water.

To prevent disappointment we must caution all such youthful readers that none but boys entirely sound in health and perfect in physical structure will be admitted to the training ship. The examination of applicants for admission is very severe, and not more than twenty in a hundred boys come out of it successfully. The test of the sight is extremely rigid, including strength, quickness, capability of distinguishing colors—"color-blindness" being much more prevalent than is generally supposed—and any serious deficiency in any part of this test is fatal to the candidate's fond hopes. In our illustration the reading test is shown. The candidate is required to read words printed in different-sized letters, placed at different distances from the eye, first with both eyes, then with the right and left alternately, etc. Every boy, according to the regulations of the Navy Department, must satisfy the Examining Board of Officers—

1. That he is of robust frame, intelligent, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution, free from any physical defects or malformation, and not subject to fits.

2. That he is able to read and write. In special cases, where the boy shows a general intelligence, and is otherwise qualified, the Examining Board may, if they think fit, enlist him even if he should be deficient in reading and writing.

3. That he is of proper age. No boy less than sixteen nor over seventeen years of age will be accepted.

4. That his height and measure are sufficient, being, for a boy of sixteen years of age, five feet and one inch without shoes, and thirty inches around the chest. Boys, however, who do not quite reach this standard of height and measurement may be enlisted by special order of the Navy Department, if in all other respects desirable.

Each boy, upon presenting himself for enlistment, must be accompanied by his father, or by his mother in case the father be deceased, or by his legally appointed guardian in case he has no father or mother, their signature being required on the Shipping Articles to perfect the enlistment. The parent or guardian, however, who, by reason of distance, infirmity, or other causes, can not accompany the son or ward to the place of enlistment, will be furnished, on written application to the commanding officer of either of the training ships or other vessels upon which enlistments are made, with duplicates of a printed form for declaration, oath, etc., by which the enlistment will be perfected, should the boy be accepted by the Board of Examining Officers.

The education of the boys comprises only the elements of an English education, alternating with practical seamanship and other professional occupations designed to prepare them for sailors in the navy. The boys are enlisted as second-class boys, at the rate of $10 50 per month and one ration. While serving on the training ships they may, if deserving, be promoted to the rating of first-class boys, and on sea-going vessels will be entitled to higher ratings, at the discretion of their commanding officers, as a reward of proficiency and good conduct. In the enlistment of boys preference is given to the sons of old sailors and soldiers. On being enlisted the boys are furnished an outfit of clothing, the cost of which is charged to their respective accounts; or, if the parents so elect, they may purchase the necessary outfit from the paymaster of the ship themselves, and give to their sons.

The *Minnesota*, on board of which our sketches were taken, is a first-rate wooden screw ship of 3000 tonnage, and mounting forty-six guns. She is under the command of Captain S. B. Luce, an officer of great ability and experience. The executive officer is Lieutenant-Commander H. C. White, whose fitness for the position was fully shown by the excellent discipline and training exhibited by the boys in the exercises on board and on the parade-ground. The other officers are Lieutenant F. M. Symonds, Navigator; Lieutenants, N. H. Barnes, E. P. M'Clennan, H. F. Tremain, B. Noyes, C. P. Perkins, and D. H. Mahan; Ensigns, C. Laird, F. E. Beatty, M. L. Wood, R. M. Doyle, and H. J. Hunt; Chief Engineer, B. B. H. Wharton; Past Assistant Engineers, E. A. Magee and George H. Kearney; Surgeon, Somerset Robinson; Past Assistant Surgeon, N. M. Ferebee; Assistant Surgeon, J. Monro Murray; Paymaster, A. J. Pritchard; Chaplains, the Rev. W. O. Holway and the Rev. E. K. Rawson; First Lieutenant of Marines, A. S. Taylor.

In addition to the foregoing there are the boatswain, the gunner, the sail-maker, the carpenter, and five school-masters, the latter of whom, with ten of the officers, are the instructors of the boys. Warrant and petty officers and non-commissioned officers of marines take part in the instruction when necessary, at the discretion of the commanding officer. The boys also receive instruction in fencing, boxing, and swimming, under competent teachers.

The school of instruction comprises the departments of Seamanship, Gunnery, Machinery, and elementary English studies, the last embracing reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, moral and religious instruction, and singing. In addition to careful and systematic training in every thing pertaining to practical seamanship and naval warfare, the boys acquire habits of personal neatness and cleanliness which they never forget in after-life, and which distinguish men-of-war's men from ordinary sailors. Nothing can be more jaunty and picturesque than the uniform of these boys, as shown in the sketches "Clearing the Gun for Action" and "Firing." They are taught to make their own trousers and do their own mending. Their health is looked after with more than parental care, and the sick find the best of medical treatment in the ship hospital, or "sick-bay."

Life on board a training ship like the *Minnesota*, although by no means "boy's play," must possess many attractions; and that the youngsters appreciate its advantages is evinced by the fact that at the last monthly inspection only one boy was dismissed, while but four others were sentenced to milder punishments. Captain Luce is evidently most admirably fitted to carry out the instructions of the department that the discipline on training ships "should be mild, but firm and consistent;" and no one who heard him read the sentences of the courts-martial could doubt the sincerity with which he said it was the most painful duty he had to perform. While enforcing strict attention to the rules and regulations necessary to the discipline of the ship and the proper training of the boys, he tries to make them regard the ship as their home. It is therefore made as comfortable and attractive as practicable. Musicians are allowed, and singing and dancing encouraged as recreations. Captain Luce takes advantage of the boys' love of singing to inculcate patriotic sentiment and pride in the achievements of the American navy, by furnishing them with songs and ballads in which those achievements are commemorated. There is a printing-press on board, on which many of these ballads are struck off for distribution. The captain has an eye to sentiment and spirit rather than to poetic merit in making these selections, but he is not mistaken in thinking that the strong, homely verses which celebrate the grand victory of the *Bon Homme Richard* over the *Serapis*, that of the *Constitution* over the *Guerrière*, or that of the *Constellation* over *L'Insurgente*, will make a deep and healthful impression on the boys who learn them by heart, and sing them with all the vigor of their youthful lungs. Probably no historical record or description would so fire the hearts of our brave sailor lads as verses like the following, from the ballad of the "*Bon Homme Richard*:"

"The battle rolled on, till bold Pearson cried,
'Have you yet struck your colors? then come alongside!'
But so far from thinking that the battle was won,
Brave Paul Jones replied, '*I've not yet begun!*'

"We fought them eight glasses, eight glasses so hot,
Till seventy bold seamen lay dead on the spot,
And ninety brave seamen lay stretched in their gore,
While the pieces of cannon most fiercely did roar.

"Our gunner in great fright to Captain Jones came:
'We gain water quite fast, and our side's in a flame.'
Then Paul Jones said, in the height of his pride,
'*If we can not do better, boys, sink alongside!*'

"The *Alliance* bore down, and the *Richard* did rake,
Which caused the bold hearts of our seamen to ache:
Our shot flew so hot that they could not stand us long,
And the undaunted Union of Britain came down.

"To us they did strike, and their colors hauled down.
The fame of Paul Jones to the world shall be known;
His name shall rank with the gallant and brave,
Who fought like a hero *our freedom to save*.

"Now, all valiant seamen, where'er you may be,
Who hear of this combat that's fought on the sea,
May you all do like them when called to do the same,
And your names be enrolled on the pages of fame.

"Your country will boast of her sons that are brave,
And to you she will look from all dangers to save;
She'll call you dear sons, in her annals you'll shine,
And the brows of the brave shall green laurels entwine.

"So now, my brave boys, have we taken a prize—
A large 44, and a 20 likewise!
Then God bless the mother whose doom is to weep
The loss of her sons in the ocean so deep!"

The winter routine embraces, besides the English studies, battery practice, company and battalion drill, howitzer, sword, and pistol exercise, etc. The summer routine is mainly confined to exercises in seamanship. For this purpose each training ship is accompanied on her summer cruise by a sailing vessel as tender, which is fitted out as far as possible by the boys, under the supervision of their officers, and manned by them when at sea, with a proper sprinkling of experienced sailors from the training ship. The cruises are so arranged that all the boys who have been under instruction six months may see service in a tender before their transfer to cruising ships. Although the training system has been in operation so short a time, its results have been admirable. It has already furnished our navy with hundreds of trained young sailors, whose natural intelligence and aptitude have been sharpened by systematic study and drill, and whose hearts have been filled with enthusiasm for the service and pride in their profession. The other training ships have doubtless an equally good record; but so far as the *Minnesota* is concerned, Captain Luce and his officers must take great pride in the appearance and proficiency of the boys under their charge. The care exercised at the examinations secures, of course, a high class of boys in respect to physical health, intelligence, and character, but great skill and patient management are required to transform these lads, accustomed to little or no restraint, into an obedient, disciplined corps, without breaking their spirits or lowering their self-respect by harshness and arbitrary punishments. The officers try from the first to instill a high *esprit de corps* into the minds of the boys, and the result is that every enlisted lad, with few exceptions, does his level best to become a first-rate seaman. The system works equally well with the country boy fresh from the plough and the street "Arab." A few days on board the ship suffice to efface all traces of the landsman; and indeed from the moment they get on their wide trousers—forty-one inches round the foot!—they catch the true sailor "roll," although most of them have never seen the blue water.

If the officers of the *Minnesota* have reason to be proud of the boys under their charge, the boys have equal reason to be grateful to the fate that has placed them under a corps of officers so efficient and yet so considerate as those of this training ship. Under Captain Luce no petty tyranny would be allowed, and judging from the genial demeanor of his officers, he is not under the necessity of using restraint in that direction. The conditions of life are rather cramped on board, outside of the captain's quarters, and one must needs be good-natured to be happy where six persons must sleep and eat in a cabin not much larger than an ordinary hall bedroom. And good nature is the rule. Nothing could be more jolly than a breakfast with some of the younger officers in "the steerage," at a table lighted with candles stuck in bottles or on a butter plate, and waited on by three gentlemen of color, named respectively "Venus" (in utter disregard of the fact that that amiable goddess was of the feminine gender), "Cupid," and "Adonis," whose portraits the hosts, with the modesty characteristic of the service, wished to be given in preference to their own.

Our thanks are due to Captain Luce and his officers for many courtesies extended to our artists, who were afforded every facility in making sketches. Nor must we overlook the good nature and patience of the men and boys in "posing" for their benefit when necessary, and, especially in the case of the young captain of the gun shown in our sketch in the act of firing, maintaining difficult positions with the utmost steadiness for several minutes. Our portrait of the doctor was taken "on the fly," and he will excuse the artist if the eccentricity of his chapeau is slightly exaggerated.

The *Minnesota* will probably sail before long on her summer cruise. May good fortune attend her and all the gallant hearts within her wooden walls!

A SCRUPLE OF CONSCIENCE.

II.

The cessation of Dr. Western's visits at length attracted Aunt Lucy's notice, and, after a week had passed, she gently questioned Elizabeth as to the cause of it. "Has there been any misunderstanding between you and Hugh, my dear?" Then for the first time she noticed the absence of the ring from her niece's hand. "Elizabeth!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, auntie," answered Elizabeth, with a faint smile. "It is true, and I ought to have told you before."

"True that your engagement with Hugh is broken off!"

"Yes; but there was not any quarrel or misunderstanding; you must not think that. We both agreed that—that it was best."

A sudden light broke on her listener's mind. "My child, did you say any thing to Dr. Western about our conversation of the other night? Surely that could have had nothing to do with it."

"It had every thing to do with it, auntie," said Elizabeth, wearily. "Yes, I told Hugh—Dr. Western, I mean—about it. He agreed with me that it was best for us to separate, as I told you."

"My pet! my brave darling! But what strange fancy has taken possession of you?"

"Surely, auntie, you do not object to my telling him?" said Elizabeth. "How could I act honorably and do any other way?"

"Object? No, not with your feelings. I should rather have advised you to do so, because it would help you to bear any trouble more easily if he knew of it. But this can not be what led you to separate. It is not possible that Dr. Western agreed with you to break off the engagement for that reason."

Elizabeth's lips trembled, but her voice was still firm, as she answered, "He did—indeed he did. How could he do any otherwise? He was—very good—and gentle; you must not blame him."

Yet in her heart she felt that he had been neither kind nor gentle in his manner of leaving her, however necessary the act might be. And this innocent equivocation to save her lover from blame instantly ranged itself in her thoughts as a falsehood of the blackest dye, and as the most convincing justification for the course she had taken. It gave her firmness to entreat her aunt to say no more about it, but to believe that it was quite right for both of them, and that neither was to blame, "unless, indeed," she added, "I am myself, for ever letting him care for me."

Her aunt was wise enough to say no more, but she thought a great deal. There must have been some great misunderstanding, she thought, in spite of Elizabeth's denial, or else Dr. Western's love for her was as weak as it had always seemed strong. If he had any knowledge of her at all, how could he doubt that his honor and happiness were safe in her keeping? And how could he have shown so little thought for her happiness in the matter?

Aunt Lucy remembered how often she had seen that look of intense repressed love shining in his eyes when he looked at Elizabeth, how often she had smiled at Elizabeth's evident unconsciousness of it; and she did not believe they had understood each other. Neither her niece nor the doctor was demonstrative; it was quite possible each might have been led to doubt the love of the other.

As the result of her deliberations, a note was sent to Dr. Western the next morning, intimating that Miss Lucy Evans desired to see him as soon as he could find the leisure to call.

The reply came in a strange handwriting; the doctor had suddenly gone abroad for an indefinite period, leaving his business in the hands of a friend who had been a fellow-student of his at college. He had no near relatives, and his address was not known.

There was nothing more to be done but to wait. Aunt Lucy did not give up hope, but she dreaded to tell her niece of Dr. Western's departure. Elizabeth took it very quietly, however, as she took every thing else. No one but the old friend who loved her so dearly could tell that she suffered. The gentleness and humility that gradually replaced her old pride were the only outward signs of inward changes. No one ever saw her irritable with her grandmother again, and in all the house no one had so much influence with the old lady.

Mrs. Lee's word could not be taken on the minutest particular, and valuable articles were sure to disappear whenever she could elude the strict watch kept over her; but she never liked Elizabeth to know of her thefts, and toward Elizabeth only did she ever manifest any sense of shame. As time went on, the watchers around her fancied that her granddaughter's presence was a restraint on her natural propensities, and thenceforth Elizabeth spent much time in her rooms. At first her grandmother seemed uneasy under this restraint, and would invent excuses to send her from the room; but as the months went on she grew more and more dependent upon the girl, more and more fretful when she was out of the room. As age increased, she became exacting, and would often reproach Elizabeth with her lack of affection, or entreat her to put her arms around her neck and kiss her.

Now and then her dull sight seemed to read the pathos of forbearance in her granddaughter's face, and at such times, bursting into tears, she would cry out that she had always loved her, and that all she had would be hers some time. But whether affectionate or reproachful, whether strong or feeble, Elizabeth became more and more the one thought of her life, the one star shining on its blackness.

At first Elizabeth found this almost too hard to bear. The first instinct of suffering is to hide itself away, to slip out of the daily routine of existence. It was torture to have constantly before her this dreary old age, this soul bearing the dread penalty of another's sin as well as its own. But she bore it in silence, and, as such victories do, it brought help to her own life. Her aunt had long kept up a childish habit of going to her room to say good-night after all the house was quiet, and as often as she did so she murmured in her heart, "To him that overcometh," with the last kiss that she left upon the brave calm face.

Three years of this uneventful life passed without word or tidings from Dr. Western. Elizabeth would not, perhaps, admit that she thought of him, but she remembered him. Miss Lucy distinctly thought of him, and distinctly cherished a purpose to seek an explanation finally, if it was five or fifty years before he returned.

Nevertheless, when one bright autumn day, and without any previous warning, she unexpectedly encountered him on the street, her heart almost failed her, and she went home to think long and seriously on the practicability of her purpose. So long a time, so wide a gap in their lives—how was it possible to break through the reserve which time and distance had set between them? Was it not likely that he would misjudge her motives?

But at this point all her recollection of the doctor and all her womanly common-sense rose up to rebuke her.

"I have known Hugh Western from a little boy," she thought, "and he is as true and simple a man as he was a lad. If three years ago he found out that he did not love Elizabeth, he will say so like an honorable man; and if he did love her, he loves her still, and whether he says so or not I shall find it out. I shall know it the moment I see his face."

And she did know it. When the tall, bronzed gentleman came forward to meet her, in response to a second letter bravely sent, his first look was one of intense and anxious expectation, his first words were: "I hope that Elizabeth—that Miss Lee is not ill?"

"No, she is not ill," said Miss Lucy, calmly delighted that the old friend whom she loved almost like a son had forgotten to utter one word of greeting after a three year's absence.

The anxiety dropped out of his face at her answer, but the expectation remained, and she knew

that for a moment, before he could rebuke and banish it, hope was there too.

Without any apology whatever for her audacious demand, she proceeded to ask him what had taken place between him and Elizabeth that day three years ago. He looked very much astonished, at which she laughed secretly, being now quite sure of the ground she stood on, and being also in that unreasonably mirthful mood which often follows the sudden removal of anxiety.

After a moment's consideration Dr. Western gave her a brief account of the interview, colored, of course, by his own mistaken ideas of it, and at the end was not able to refrain from expressing his surprise that she should not have heard all this from her niece.

"Elizabeth did give me her version of it, certainly," said Miss Lucy, "but there is such a remarkable discrepancy between her account and yours that I am tempted to try and reconcile the two."

"A discrepancy?" repeated the doctor. "But I do not understand how that can be. Did not Miss Elizabeth frankly admit that she was mistaken in supposing that she cared for me?"

"She frankly admitted that she was mistaken in supposing that you cared for her." Miss Lucy paused a moment to observe the effect of this remark, and then, entirely satisfied, went on: "She also further admitted that she had indirectly caused the separation by telling you a fact—perhaps I should rather call it a trouble—in her own history, which led you to feel that she was no longer a suitable wife for you."

The blended amazement and indignation in Dr. Western's face at this moment was beyond all description. He passed his hand over his eyes like a man who believes that he is dreaming.

"Miss Evans, I can not recollect," he began; and then, more decidedly, "I am sure I *do* recollect every word she uttered that day. Elizabeth must be under the strangest delusion," forgetting his formality in his bewilderment.

"I think she is, and I think that you share it," replied Miss Evans, smiling. Her face became grave almost immediately afterward. "Did I understand you to say that when you alluded to Elizabeth's supposed illness she replied that she had not spoken the truth, that she was not ill at all, and had only said so because she thought it best not to see you?"

"She said some words to that effect, certainly."

"And you naturally took them to imply indifference to yourself, and so passed over their real meaning. Will you be kind enough to bear them in mind now while you make a call with me on Mrs. Lee, Elizabeth's grandmother?"

Too thoroughly perplexed for speech, the doctor merely bowed and followed her to the rooms set apart for Mrs. Lee, Aunt Lucy having previously sent a servant to make sure that Elizabeth herself was not there. He remained there an hour, and before he had been there half that time she saw by his face that he was beginning to comprehend. The old lady was kept carefully secluded from strangers, as a rule, since their presence always aggravated her peculiarities. Her mind was fast failing, but, like a veil removed, it only served to lay bare the deformed nature. For more than an hour the doctor sat listening and watching, while tricks and deceptions patent to the understanding of a child followed each other in quick succession. He recalled the story of Elizabeth's great-grandmother, mother of the unhappy woman before him, which as a medical man he had once known and then nearly forgotten, and when he left the room he understood the state of the case and his own mistake.

"You can see now," said Aunt Lucy, gently, "how my little girl was blinded by her own pain, and did not realize that what she said was not likely to be understood by you. And now I ought to apologize in all this for taking for granted your present feelings—"

"You ought to apologize if you had done any thing else," interrupted Dr. Western. "You know and I know that to love once is to love always. We repeat once a week, 'I believe in the Life everlasting,' to small purpose if we can not come home and say, 'I believe in the Love everlasting.'"

"I do believe in it," said Miss Lucy. "I believe in it and in you, or I could not have shown you what I have to-day."

"Indeed I understood that, and thanked you in my heart for your trust," said the doctor, pitifully, thinking of the room they had just left. After a minute's pause he asked, "Does Elizabeth know that I am here?"

"No; I do not think she even knows that you have come home."

"Poor child!" he said, his voice trembling slightly. "She thought I left her for that? I do not believe there is in all the world another heart so brave and truthful. Can I not go to her at once, Miss Lucy?"

"Without letting her know beforehand that you are here?" asked Aunt Lucy, doubtfully.

"Yes, if you please."

She led the way to the library, and he followed. Elizabeth was lying on the sofa, not asleep, but in a perfectly quiet attitude, the long childishly curved lashes almost resting on her cheek, just as he had seen them the last time. At work she was calm and hopeful, but at rest her face often settled into the expression of a tired and grieved child—that expression of all others the most touching on faces that have outgrown their childhood.

Hugh, in his reverence for her sweet grave reserve, had never kissed her, never more than touched her hand before; but now, when he saw that look on her face, and when her startled eyes met his, still full of dreamy weariness, he crossed the room without speaking, and kneeling by her side, lifted her head to his breast as if she had been indeed a suffering child. She lay still for a minute or two, hearing his voice and feeling his touch only as the last fragment of some far-off happy dream.

At first he only repeated her name, "Lizzie! Lizzie! Lizzie!" over and over again; but by-and-by, when she tried to withdraw from him, he told her in a few gentle words the story of the mistake they had made. She only smiled with a kind of quiet happiness that was too tired even to wonder as he had done, and he was well satisfied.

After a few minutes she said, hesitatingly, "You know, Hugh, after all, there is just the same reason for your leaving me that there was before. Indeed you ought to."

"Yes," he answered, sudden laughter springing into his eyes, "just the same reason as before; and you were very successful then. Let me see you induce me to leave you now! Let me see you even try to, madame!"

He lifted her hand where it would rest against his cheek, smiling to see the long lashes drooping so suddenly, and added, "I know now why you would not even let me take your hand that day when you sent me away. You were very unkind, Lizzie."

At first the color only deepened in her cheeks, but after a minute she answered, with a strange mingling of humility and gentle dignity, "Then, Hugh, if you know that I can not resist you now, you will not use that knowledge to make me do what I am afraid is wrong?"

"Indeed I will not, Lizzie. You will not long believe that it is wrong to be my wife because of that fancied inheritance of yours. You have grown so morbid with long dwelling on it that it is only fair to let your aunt and me decide that point. You could not choose two who would love you better."

"Indeed, it is because you both love me that I am afraid to let you decide," she answered, softly. "How can you possibly see things as I see them?"

"Thank Heaven, we don't! Lizzie, how can you possibly *help* seeing that, even if there were no other reason, your own abhorrence of untruthfulness places a boundless gulf between you and your grandmother? Do you honestly think that she ever had that feeling?"

She did not reply, but her face grew thoughtful, and he saw the unquiet, doubtful look gradually fading out of it. There was a short silence, while the sun sank nearer and nearer to its setting, and the level golden rays slipped dreamily into the room between the shadows of the golden elm leaves just as they had done three years ago.

Then Elizabeth, roused to the realities of life by a sudden thought of her aunt, asked, "Does Aunt Lucy know you are here?"

"I should think it likely she does, as she brought me here herself. Yes, she knows, my little lady. You need not fear that all the proprieties are not observed."

"But I do not think they are at all," said Elizabeth, blushing and smiling, and making one more effort to free herself from his clasp.

"Then they can't be," answered the doctor, very decidedly. "I have a prescription for you, which must be taken on the spot. In other words, you must go to sleep, and sleep till dinner-time."

"Go to sleep!" said she, laughing. "You know I can't."

And in less than ten minutes after this speech, under the influence of the soft magnetic touch on her forehead, she was quietly sleeping, with that same child-like, contented look, while the shadows of the visible world gathered more and more closely around them with the coming of night, and the shadows of the invisible world fled ever farther away before the morning that was breaking in peace.

THE END.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday, 28.—First Sunday after Easter.

John Wycliffe's memory was honored by a quincentenary celebration in London on the 22d of March. Churchmen and Dissenters appropriately took part. The precise event of the reformer's life which was selected for commemoration was his trial by the bishops at Lambeth. Wycliffe was, when a student, a commoner of Queen's College, Oxford; in 1361 he was elected warder of Baliol College; and in 1372 he became a Doctor of Divinity. His theses against transubstantiation drew upon him the wrath of the Church. The Pope issued bulls against him; the monks persecuted him; in 1377, and again in 1378, he was cited before the bishops, who condemned him for heresy. In 1382 he was expelled from the University of Oxford; he then retired to his parish church of Lutterworth, in the diocese of Lincoln, where, in 1384, he died. His entire translation of the Bible was printed only thirty years ago.

On the commemoration day an early morning sermon was preached in St. Anne's Church by the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple. He reminded the people that Wycliffe had been called "the morning star of the Reformation." After the sermon there was a public breakfast, with addresses. At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a lecture in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion-House, followed by more addresses. Among the speakers was the Hon. John Welsh, our minister to England. A five o'clock meeting was held at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, over which Mr. Welsh presided. He said, as he came from the city founded by Penn, he was proud to take the chair in that venerable meeting-house of the Society of Friends. The festival closed with a mass-meeting in the East London Tabernacle. Among the speakers and lecturers of the day were the Rev. Dr. Punshon, Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, Mr. Osborne Morgan, Sir Thomas Chambers, and other distinguished men.

Some one suggests that, in addition to a "Society for the Increase of the Ministry," there will be needed a "Society for the Increase of the Episcopate" in the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country. Dr. Harris has declined the position of Bishop of Quincy, Dr. Eccleston that of Bishop of West Virginia, and now Dr. Seymour declines to be Bishop of Springfield, Illinois. He assigns as the reason for declining, the advice of friends that he will be more useful in his present position. The difficulty of filling Western and missionary episcopates has been quite marked in this Church of late years.

An effort will be made this year to revive the old interest in the May anniversaries. With a view to this, they will be held chiefly in the Broadway Tabernacle. Many will be reminded, no doubt, thereby of that other Broadway Tabernacle, whose walls thirty years ago re-echoed the sonorous appeals of anniversary speakers. The American Home Missionary Society will have for its anniversary the evening of May 5; the American Seamen's Friend Society, Monday, 6th; National Temperance Society, Tuesday, 7th; American Tract Society, Wednesday, 8th; New York City Mission, Thursday, 9th; New York Sunday-school Teachers' Association, Friday, 10th; American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Sunday, 12th. On the evening of May 12, also, the annual sermon before the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions will be preached in the Rev. Dr. John Hall's church by the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson.

The Glasgow United Presbytery, as the result of their preliminary examination, have resolved to bring the Rev. Fergus Ferguson to trial. He is charged with teaching doctrines "contrary to the Confession of Faith and the Word of God." In an address to his parishioners Mr. Ferguson expressed the opinion that the liberal theological movement in the Scotch Churches, as he termed it, could not be arrested. "It were as easy," he said, "to sweep back the Atlantic with a mop, or to blot the sun from the firmament."

In preparation for the anniversaries the great charitable societies are issuing statements of their receipts and expenditures. The Presbyterian Foreign Board has received for eleven months of the fiscal year $311,865; for the same period of 1877 the receipts were $366,234, showing a falling off of $54,369. The Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society has still a debt of $170,000, which is a reduction of $93,000. The managers expect to discharge the whole in a few years more.

The sale of strong drink to minors has engaged the attention of the active Christians of Chicago, and a society to prevent such sale has been formed. On Monday, March 25, the subject was most earnestly discussed by the Methodist Ministers' Meeting of that city. Dr. Reynolds, the temperance lecturer, during his stay in Chicago has given much attention to this illicit business, with good effect.

A General Conference on Missions, and intended to represent all Protestantism, is announced to be held in London, October 31, of this year. The object of it will be to consider "the present position, labors, and prospects of Protestant evangelical missions in foreign countries." A meeting of this kind was held in Liverpool during the year 1860, and was attended by 120 representatives of Christian missions and missionary societies. Much information was gathered, methods of work were compared, and altogether the results were most valuable. The Conference this year is called by a meeting held last June in London, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

It is quite well known that the government of China has sent to this country more than a hundred picked young men to be educated at the cost of the empire for the public service. The present number of the students is 112; their work is done in Hartford, Connecticut, where the Chinese government has erected for their use a large house at a cost of $50,000. In this building their Chinese education is carried forward; their American training is received in the schools of Hartford and its neighborhood. The history of this Chinese educational commission, as given in a recent lecture by the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell before the Yale Law School, is stranger than fiction. Yung Wing, its projector, was a pupil in a Christian mission school in China, and was brought in 1847, by the Rev. S. R. Brown, a missionary of the American Board, to the United States. In 1850 he entered Yale College, where he distinguished himself in English composition, and graduated in 1854. While at college he formed the purpose of returning home and inducing the government to send young men to America to be educated. He was without friends or patronage in China. It cost him sixteen years of unsparing exertion to reach a position where he could influence the minds of the emperor's advisers. At length, in 1871, his scheme was approved, and the sum of $1,500,000 appropriated for its execution. Two commissioners direct the education of the young men. It may be added that Yung Wing has long been a decided Christian.

The Chautauqua Sunday-school meetings for this year will begin July 23 and close August 23. The Sunday-school Assembly will begin August 5. At Ocean Grove there will be a religious and temperance camp-meeting, beginning on July 9 and closing on July 19; a song jubilee from August 1 to August 6; and the annual camp-meeting from August 19 to August 29.

It is estimated that 100,000 persons have signed the temperance pledge in New England since December 1, 1877. In Great Barrington, Massachusetts, out of a population of 4320, 2100 have put on the blue ribbon; in Springfield, 4500 out of 26,713; in Adams, 4600 out of 12,090.

Of late the ritualists have lost ground in London. In two churches—St. Matthias's, Stoke Newington, and St. Matthias's, Kensington—the Bishop of London has refused to appoint to either a clergyman who would not agree to give up eucharistic vestments and illegal practices; at a third church the incumbent has been compelled to desist from ritualistic ceremonies. Mr. Mackonochie has been informed by Lord Penzance that if he does not obey the "monition" already issued a severe measure will follow. The severe measure is understood to be a committal to prison.

A Jesuit scheme for obtaining control of public education in New Mexico has come very near success. A few years ago many members of the order who had been driven out of Europe settled in that Territory. They have carried already through the Legislature a bill which forms a corporation under their control, and gives to it the education of the children of New Mexico. The bill was vetoed by the Governor, but was passed over his veto, and is now before Congress.

Another ritualist case, that of Combe *v.* Edwards, has been decided by Lord Penzance. It has not arisen under the Public Worship Regulation Act, but under old statutes. The offense charged was that the Rev. John Edwards, vicar of Prestbury, had placed a metal crucifix on a ledge or shelf immediately over the communion table, and that he had worn vestments not allowed by law. The court suspended Mr. Edwards from the exercise of ministerial functions for six months.

The growth of anti-Christian socialism in Germany is exciting much alarm among the order-loving subjects of the Emperor. As a political party, the German socialists date from 1860. In 1871 they sent two members to the German Parliament; in 1874, nine members; in 1877, twelve. Their vote last year reached 497,000, out of a total of 8,943,000 electors for the whole empire. The societies number 100,000 members, and spend about $75,000 annually. There are socialistic meetings of women as well as of men held in Berlin. Among the women leaders is a Frau Hahn, the staple material of whose addresses consists of abuse of the Church. Indeed, the hatred of "parsons," as they are termed, appears to be ingrained in the German socialistic mind. The counter-movement, which has taken the name of the "Christian Social Working-men's Party," aims at reformation of the condition of Germany by the formation of workmen's companies, arbitration, provision for the aged, widows and orphans, etc. Dr. J. P. Thompson, now and for several years of Berlin, thinks that this scheme "contains too much of the state, too much arbitrary organization, too much of sentimental exhortation, and too little of practical efficiency." The socialistic problem already, however, presents in Germany a grave aspect.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two sisters conversing about a concert which had taken place, the younger of the two, who had been present, was asked if Miss X——, one of the singers, was encored. Her youthful fancy must have been drawn in another direction, for she replied, "Oh no; she was in velvet."

A young man in Minnesota shot a girl who had given him the mitten, and the jury brought him in "guilty, with mitigating circumstances."

The miners of Nevada are lying on their ores.

A Butter Convention was held in Indianapolis last summer, but it soon melted away. The local papers remarked that the members all "spread themselves."

Our colored friends have hardly got their full rights yet; meanwhile they lay low and keep dark.

No man who doesn't take his rations regularly (when he can get them) can be called a rational being.

Gambler's Latin—*E pluribus unum* (won of many).

The Cincinnatians deny that the founders of their city were the descendants of Ham. The very idea makes them bristle with indignation.

If our Representatives in Congress are representative men of the country, Heaven save us all!

The Jersey fisherman, when he gets to be sentimental, sings of the "shad sea waves."

No one can better appreciate the fact that the world is full of hollow mockeries than the man who prepares a lecture with the title "How to Get Rich," and then can not make enough by it to pay his hotel bills.

"Do you sing tenor?" asked a lady of her musical friend. "Well," replied the facetious man, "I've been known to sing ten or eleven times altogether."

It is singular how early in life a child gains the reputation of resembling the richest and best-looking relations.

There is a man only twenty-five years of age who has already married fourteen women. He is a clergyman, and married them to their husbands.

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered: "I did it out of pure revenge."

Our ancestors the monkeys couldn't have been so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the high branches.

A negro teamster in Nashville declares that he must either give up driving mules or withdraw from the church, the two positions being incompatible.

A lady asked her grocer to give her a trade dollar for a greenback, saying she was collecting coins, and at the same time requested him to "save a silver bill for her as soon as they came out." Who says ladies don't read the papers?

Calino has the misfortune to lose his wife. He orders to be engraved upon her tombstone the single word "Regrets." "Why," said the stone-cutter to him, "do you not say eternal regrets?" "Can't do it," said Calino; "I only rent the lot in the grave-yard for five years."

"There are people who live behind the hill," is an old German proverb, which means that there are other folk in the world besides yourself, although you may not see them.

When a Virginia gentleman asks another to drink, he blandly says, "Shall we give the public debt a lift?" And they lift.

VERY LIKELY.

Scene: *Public-house in Edinburgh. Enter two customers.*

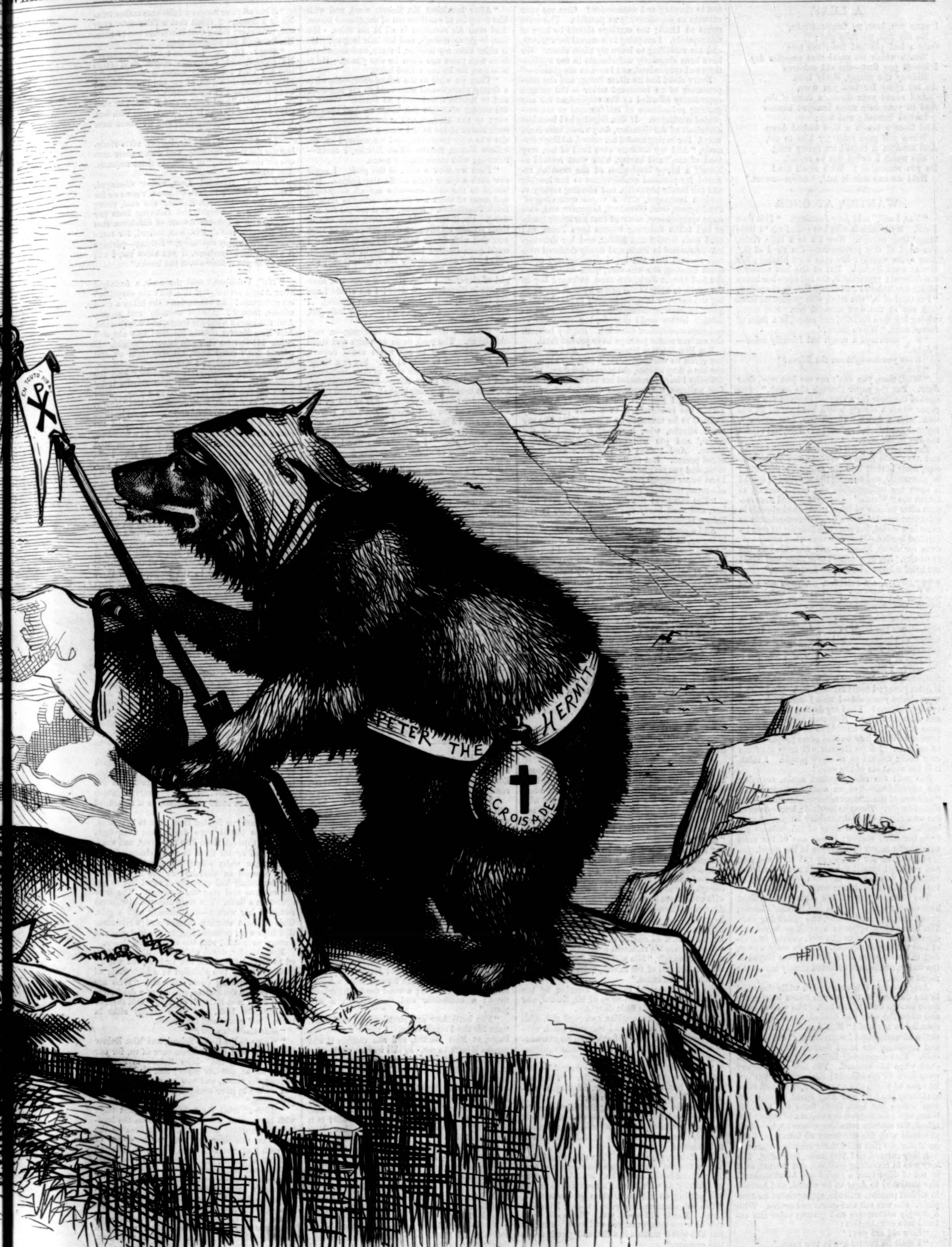
First Customer (*to landlord*). "Do you keep the same good old sort of Scotch whiskey that was kept by your father?"

Landlord. "The same sort."

Second Customer. "You may keep it, but you don't sell it."

SOONER R LA

Russian Bear to British Lion. "I come to protect Chr ns—I



ONER R LATER.

ct Chr ns—I meant to say Mohammedans, Buddhists, or Brahmins."

A LEAF.

I SEND you, love, no fragrant rose,
No lily fair, no tulip gay;
Only a leaf plucked from the tree
'Neath which we stood that summer day
I kissed you first—the old oak-tree
Midway the grassy, shady lane.
An ivy spray for belt you wore,
And round your throat a daisy chain,
And in your hair some honeyed blooms
Invited butterfly and bee;
And from a bough a bird looked down
When you gave back my kiss to me,
And straight it ceased its pretty song
The name I called you to repeat.
Do you remember? With small head
Held on one side it said, "Sweet—sweet."

WANTED, AT ONCE.

"YES, I *will*," said Amy Jennings. "This time I *will*. My brother's wife has called me 'a little vixen' long enough. Now I'll *be* a little vixen. I'm tired of this persecution—I'm tired of it." Amy spoke angrily; her eyes were blazing; her cheeks were flushed. But at the last sentence she faltered; repeating it, she fell upon her knees beside her bed and buried her face in the pillow. "I'm tired of it," she cried, with passionate sobs.

A rap at the door aroused her. She arose, wiping her eyes ruefully, and asked, in a voice of forced calm, "Who's there?"

"Me," answered a rough but friendly voice—"Jack."

"Have you brought me the *Times?*"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you can't see me just now, dear Jack. Put the paper through the crack." She opened the door for a crevice, received the newspaper which a clumsy brown hand thrust in, and then, with a quick "Thank you, dear—thanks, my dear good Jack," reclosed the door, and turned the key in the lock.

The boyish footsteps bounded down the stairs, and Amy, once more in solitude, flew to the window, flung herself into the arm-chair that filled its embrasure, and opening the newspaper, spread it upon her writing-table, and began eagerly to search the "Wants." Her eyes drifted over column after column of those marshalled appeals in print that stand side by side as unrecognizable as faces in a crowd, but each one bearing its own individual burden—Heaven knows what heavy burdens for some, homeless and friendless in the great city. Her eyes drifted over these, and seized the brief column devoted to "Instruction."

"WANTED, AT ONCE—A governess for a girl eleven years old. Must be of an amiable disposition, and mistress of the modern accomplishments. Call immediately," etc., etc.

This advertisement, so peremptory in regard to time, struck the fancy of Amy Jennings. It was urgent and impetuous, and she was in accord with impetuosities and urgencies.

"This is just the thing for me," she thought. "A girl? I like girls: boys are so 'awfully' affectionate and rough. 'Eleven years old.' That is quite young; I could manage that. Oh, I wish I were eleven years old—I wish I were back again to happy eleven! I had my darling mother then, and my kind father. Now they are both gone—gone forever. It is terrible to be an orphan, and terrible to think how unkind some people *can* be to orphans. I hope Heaven will keep me from ever being unkind to unhappy people. I think it is the worst sin of the soul."

She read the advertisement again, scanning the requisitions—"of an amiable disposition," "mistress of the modern accomplishments"—and sighed deeply. Then she laughed; laughed one of her own merry, musical, sunshiny laughs—Amy's laugh. It had caught none of the sadness yet from her life's sorrow; it was one of the most unfeignedly merry little laughs in the world.

She bathed her eyelids, so red with weeping, and prepared herself for a walk; left the house without a word to any one, and went directly to the place described in the advertisement.

The location was remote from the brilliant avenue where Amy lived in her brother's house; it had a strange, unfamiliar, and rather dingy air. The house stood opposite a small park, not frequented throngingly or girt with streams of travel like the larger squares. It was early winter, and the trees were bare, but children played in the walks, and sparrows flitted tamely across the faded sward.

Amy gazed at this wintry park while she stood in the doorway of the strange house waiting for some one to answer the bell. She waited long, and when the door was opened, the face that responded to her timid "Miss Jennings: an answer to the advertisement for governess," was so stern and repelling, her heart shrank with a sudden chill. This depressing impression was not lessened when she entered. The hall and stairway were dark to gloominess; the up-stairs parlors, into one of which she was shown, were still more studiously shaded; and Amy spent several minutes before her eyes, fresh from the noontide blaze, could distinguish the objects of stately furniture, the mirrors reflecting obscurity, the black pedestals with life-size busts of bronze, and the dark pictures that filled these cheerless rooms.

A lady entered, and Amy arose, trembling. The lady was in travelling costume, and carried, as if in act of departure, a sachel and blanket-shawl. She motioned to Amy to be seated, and herself, in stiffest possible attitude, appropriated an arm-chair. She was tall and gaunt and severe. With a sharply assumptive and grating voice she entered into examination:

"How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty-one in two years."

"Too young. Where were you educated? What are your qualifications? To whom do you refer? What system do you use in the study of languages? What method do you employ in teaching music, and in drawing and water-color? Give me your answers as expeditiously as possible. The train starts at 11.45; the carriage should be here at this moment. I am going to Montreal for a month, and am unwilling to leave my niece alone. We have been singularly unfortunate in the applications we have received, and I see now at a glance—"

Every cloud has its silver lining, and the compensation of an incessant talker is the meagre opportunity afforded to the respondent for any gushing redundance of self-betrayal or after-repented confidence. If Mrs. Edgeley had been less absorbent of the situation, Amy would have fared worse. For having named her school, adding nervously, "And my teachers were fond of me, very fond of me," and having, with what seemed to herself a happy inspiration of the moment, referred for personal qualifications to her brother and the family physician, and alluding rapidly to modern languages, with a vague sprinkling of Pendergrast, Otto, Ollendorff, Legendre, and, with some sprightliness, asserted that her music teacher had taken finishing lessons from Timm, and used both Bertini and Müller, and her drawing-master studied in Paris, and finally declared with real warmth that she loved dancing, and could teach dancing, she was sure, quite well, because she had taught Jack, the most awkward boy in the world, to waltz in the parlor without overturning the vases, or tangling himself in his partner's gown, or dashing through the window-sash, as no teacher before could ever do, her resources of self-recommendation subsided. Inquiry beneath the surface might perhaps have proved fatal.

But Mrs. Edgeley interposed. "And our cook has given us warning. 'Tis a pity, for although she has a fiery temper, she pleases brother. With difficulty I have persuaded her to remain a month. The waitress, too, expresses dissatisfaction; the seamstress, I think, is more reliable; but altogether the household is in a state particularly unfitted to be managed by a mere child like my niece Martha, who, however, is 'head of the house,' and you will call her 'Miss Martha,' please. And I need for the place an experienced person. But really, as this is the last moment, and you may be better than no one, perhaps I had better engage you *for one month;* provided, of course, that your credentials—"

"The cab is at the door, mem, and says he's late, and must hurry up; and—oh! here is Mr. Rainor himself."

And a gentleman entered in some haste, merely saying, as he was presented to Miss Jennings, "I will see you in a few moments," and hurried his sister to the carriage, she all the way endeavoring to impress upon him how very unfavorable an opinion she had formed of the capacity and experience of the new governess, "to be engaged only for a month, you know; and it was necessary to have some one at once."

Her last act, as the cab drove off, was to thrust her head through the window, with an expression of dire solemnity, and say, with a groan, "Brother, we've gone through the woods to pick up the crooked stick at last."

Mr. Rainor returning to the parlor, supposing that his sister had arranged all preliminaries, only said, "How soon can you come, Miss Jennings?"

"To-morrow morning, if you like," answered Amy.

"Let it be, then, by ten o'clock, so that I may present my little daughter, and see you established before I go down town."

"Just what you might have expected from such a willful girl," said Amy's sister-in-law to her husband, who was petrified with astonishment when he learned that his pretty, sprightly sister, who seemed to him "all smiles," and who, "just out of school," had been received most lovingly on his part into his affluent home, had engaged to "go as governess."

"It is a girlish freak," he said; "I can not consent to it." But Amy shocked him into acquiescence by a tempestuous outpouring of her story of homesickness and unhappiness; and although he was sorely puzzled to conceive how his wife could have been cruel to Amy, or rather how Amy could have imagined his wife to be cruel, he finally—considering that the engagement was only for a month, and Mr. Rainor happened to be known to him as one of the most estimable of citizens—gave his reluctant consent, saying to his wife, caressingly, "She will come back to us, Matilda, at the end of the month, quite cured of her girlish homesickness."

So Amy appeared the next morning by ten o'clock in the breakfast-room of Mr. Rainor, and was presented to his little daughter.

The child was an angular, awkward girl, with sharp delicate features and immense black eyes that seemed to be peering forth from an extremely active intelligence with a suspicious vigilance that to Amy was really formidable.

"I had hoped she would have resembled her father," thought Amy, despairingly. "I *like* Mr. Rainor. But this child is Mrs. Edgeley in miniature. What shall I do with her?"

Little Miss Martha, clinging devoutly to her father, received her new governess as she would have received the gift of some wild and unknown animal, whose claws or talons or teeth it were well to beware of.

Mr. Rainor, glancing at his watch, found that he was too late to go through the rooms and look over school-books, as he had intended; but he said, kindly, as with Martha's fond assistance he was putting on his overcoat to go down town, "You will examine the ground to-day, Miss Jennings. Mattie will assist you. There will probably be some things that you will want. Perhaps you had better make out a list, and give it to me this evening."

This evening! Would it ever come? Had it really come at last after "the longest, longest, *longest* day" that Amy ever spent? She made this mental diary of the small eternity:

"After breakfast Mr. Rainor went, and with him every bit of sunshine out of the gloomy house. And even *his* sunshine is all in his voice. His face is grave enough, and his hair is gray. He is older than my brother, I think, and must have been nice years ago when he was young. He is nice *now*, for he has a kind heart.

"Then we went to the school-room—oh, what a dreary place!—and afterward to my bedroom, and to Martha's bedroom: no better. What *is* the matter with this dull house? And then we went to the kitchen and ordered dinner. The cook stared at me as if I were a *rara avis.* But she was very respectful, and we ordered an excellent dinner, Martha—Miss Martha, I mean—referring with much dignity to me.

"Then we took a walk in the park. I never saw such a queer child as Martha Rainor. She bowed to the children—who are all neighbors, and some of them her own age—in the style of Louis Fourteenth. Really, she is too old for any thing. Oh, if she could only have been one of those *pettable* children—a dear little sort of alive wax doll with flaxen hair and blue eyes—how I could have fondled her and taught her delightfully! But now—actually she frightens me; she makes me feel like Daniel in the lions' den. A girl of eleven? I think she is a woman of ninety-nine in disguise. Oh dear! I am afraid I can not love her, and without love I am nothing. I *must* love her. Yes, and I *do*, for, poor little girl, she is motherless.

"We went home and had luncheon—a very nice lunch. The cook came up stairs and stood in the passageway to ask again about dessert, but I think just to stare at me. Not in a 'fiery' way, however. Then we went to the school-room and looked over every thing—books, maps, and, oh, such dreary drawing-books! And then to the parlor, and tried the piano. It is as old as Methuselah, and cracked execrably. Then Martha said she had a headache, and would go to her own room and lie down. 'I suffer with nervous headaches,' said she. 'I suppose the day has been rather exciting to me.' Ninety-nine disguised as eleven!

"Then I made out my list for Mr. Rainor.

"A happy thought struck me. 'I will go home and see about some packing, as my luggage is to be sent over to-night; and so I can manage to miss the dinner, which is an ordeal I must have another day to summon courage for. I will leave word that I shall dine at home. First, I will take a cup of tea to Martha in one of those pretty harlequin cups that I saw in the back parlor. I wonder how any thing so colorful came there!' So I did; and, strange to say, the antique child thanked me like a grandmother. She sat up in her bed admiring the cup, which was a birthday present from her father (I like Mr. Rainor), and, sipping a few drops from the spoon—she did not drink much—said, 'How thoughtful of you, Miss Jennings! I believe tea *is* good for headaches. You must have some too, for you may be tired.' And she seemed quite sorry that I was to be away at dinner.

"Then I went home and packed my things, and had a real *time* with Matilda. Oh, how can Dick think she is an angel? Well, perhaps some day some man will think *I'm* an angel. I suppose that is what men are made for. I only hope that I shall be a little nearer the estimate than Matilda. I should despise to be worshipped if I had to be deceitful."

Nine o'clock at evening. Mr. Rainor seated at his reading table in the library, book in hand. Enter Amy timidly, but with a secret bravery, result of her flying visit back to misery.

"Miss Martha has retired, because her head still troubles her. I had her feet bathed in hot water."

"Poor child, she inherits *that*," said her father. He meant headache, not hot water, although that element had been conspicuous in the rule of the late Mrs. Rainor.

"And I have made out the list," said Amy. Mr. Rainor took it, and after drawing an arm-chair near the fire and placing a footstool for Miss Jennings, resumed his place at the table and adjusted his eyeglasses. He started slightly as he began to read the list, and his expression, as he proceeded, varied from astonishment to amusement: he looked over his glasses inquiringly at Amy, who regarded him steadily with a grave dignity. Then he read aloud as follows: "Two canary-birds; six house plants; order at florist's for fresh flowers twice a week; six children to dance; a wood fire in the school-room; a battledoor and shuttlecock; a new piano."

"The battledoor and shuttlecock," said Amy, "are for the French verbs. I throw a verb, you know, at Miss Martha, and she catches it and throws it back to me. In this way we go through the tenses, and they become impressed on the memory without the tedium of leaning over the book."

"Well," said Mr. Rainor, pleasantly, "I don't know that I should object to such a French *exercise.* Mattie has had some trouble with her verbs. But how about the children for the dance? is it necessary that we should have six children, Miss Jennings?"

"Yes," answered Amy, decidedly, "because each child will bring its own defects and its own graces: the defects will be warnings, and the graces will be models, and the correction of many blunders will make a more complete order, as failures build up success. It took forty women, I have heard, to suggest the modelling of the 'Greek Slave.'"

Mr. Rainor did not perceive the precise application of this illustration; but Miss Jennings evidently did; so that point was settled, and they returned to the list. "And the flowers," she said, "are to be copied in water-color, and to exhilarate us at our tasks."

"And the piano?"

"It has all false notes; a false note makes trouble in a house. I think that a false note, even one, puts every thing that it reaches out of tune. Mr. Rainor, I am sure you *sing.*"

"Sing? Oh no. I haven't sung for years." He paused, and a strange bright light came into his kind eyes. He added, hesitatingly, "I believe there *is* a pile of my old music packed away somewhere in the house."

"I knew it," said Amy, "and it would be very good for Miss Martha if you could sing with her. I can play accompaniments, and we could have music, evenings."

"I feel inclined," said Mr. Rainor, after studying the list more carefully, and with a more serious air than at first, "to accede to these requests. And books?"

"Books?" repeated Amy, rather dismayed. "Really I forgot; in fact, we haven't gone so far yet as the books. Mr. Rainor," she said, rising to bid him good-night, and faltering from her dignity with a genuine tremor of diffidence that was not ungraceful, that was, indeed, for some reason, irresistibly charming, "I think—perhaps it will be best—perhaps, if you allow me, I will lean upon *you* a little about the books."

"Well, I declare," said the cook, a fortnight after Amy's arrival, "if this ain't the surprisin'-est governess! La sakes, don't she make a good missus, though! Always a-smilin' and serene. And she knows what she wants, and what's what. And Miss Martha chimes in—my! how she *does* chime in!—as no un could have bethought. If missus don't come back, I'll stay right on, and no questions asked, so I will."

"Yes, Miss Jennings is surprisin'," said the seamstress. "And to hear Miss Martha layin' down the law to her is as good as a play. 'Now I ought to do *this*, Miss Jennings,' and 'Now it is time for me to do *that*,' and 'You must be *strict* with me about this, Miss Jennings.' And the new governess, though she's fresh as a rose-bud, and much more of a baby in looks than Miss Martha is, has her own way through all. I can see that. But it's a nice way and a bright way, so it is. It's as good as going to the theatre to hear her talk. And when she goes laughin' and singin' through the house, my machine *spins*, so it do."

"She's a sensible creetur, and a born lady, and I could live with her to the ind of my days," said the stern, dissatisfied waitress. "And Mr. Rainor's a born gentleman, which Mrs. Edgeley isn't no such thing; and just to look at her is enough to drive all the mice out of the house, if there was any mice in the house, which there ain't."

"What has come to me?" thought Mr. Rainor. "Age must be *tempering* me, I feel so light-hearted, so well, of late. And Mattie, my precious little Mattie—I begin to think she will make a glad, strong girl yet. I wonder if there *is* any thing in Miss Jennings's idea of sun and fragrance, music and color and stirring life? Amy Jennings! What a strange woman she is!—a child almost, and yet a woman quite. She is a surprise to me—every day a surprise."

Surprise! That was the word which Amy seemed to have written upon the whole house. But the greatest surprise of all befell Mrs. Edgeley on her return home. She came a day before she had written she would come, for some reason of her own. Perhaps she expected to be surprised; if so, her expectation was realized.

The cab rolled up to the door at nine o'clock of a clear moon-lit winter night; and Mrs. Edgeley, sachel and blanket-shawl, exactly as she left, had come back. But at the very door-step of the cab she stood motionless, as if transfixed by a shock.

The house was lighted from attic to basement. The white blinds were drawn, but lamp-light streamed through them into the street, and shadows moved across them in swift chase. Sound of music, a waltz played by piano, violin, and harp, escaped as distinctly as the light. Mrs. Edgeley hardly had strength of mind left to pay the cabman and ring the door-bell. The door opened in a flash. The stern dissatisfied waitress admitted her with a—yes, actually with a grin. Girls in light evening dresses and white-necktied boys were promenading in the hall, and the parlors were filled with the whirl of the dance.

Mrs. Edgeley, dumb with indignation, attempted to ascend the stairs, but midway she was almost upset by two children in a high state of excitement coming down abreast. "Who are *you?*" gasped the matron, coming to a dead stop.

"We are Miss Rainor's orphans," said they, or said one for both, who were exactly alike in brown stuff gowns and blue capes.

"Miss Rainor's *what?*"

"We go to the L—— School, and Miss Rainor has no mother; so she takes care of us, for our mother is dead too. Miss Rainor makes our frocks for us, and our capes; and we have been to hear the music, and now we are going home; and we are to have oranges to take with us, and plum-cake."

"Mercy!" cried the lady, pushing past them with hasty steps, but pausing again on the landing with another dead stop. Not because the rooms on this floor too, with the exception of her own "wing room," were a blaze of light and half full of guests, but because the dance music had stopped and some one was singing: a love song, a serenade—one of "the old, old songs."

A man's voice! It carried Mrs. Edgeley back ten years—yes, fifteen years—back to the gray parsonage by the stone mill, where, night after night, that summer agone, some one came courting, no one knew which, till the one sister was taken and the other left. Mr. Rainor was singing. Heaven only knew how, out of that grave of fifteen years, he had got back his voice.

It is a year from the day when Amy Jennings went out as governess from her brother's house,

and now she is back, only for a month, for at the end of that time she is to be a bride, and her room is strewn with bridal stuffs, and the wedding gown is this moment being trimmed with its pearly border of lace.

"We had hoped to keep you longer," said the affectionate Dick; and "It's too bad in you to go off just as you've come back," said the affectionate Jack. But Matilda remarked, "How ridiculous it is for a girl like you, Amy, to marry an old man like that!"

"He is not an old man," said Amy, indignantly, "and if he were, I'd make him young again. I love him so much—love and respect and bless his kind heart so deeply and so much! There is no old age to a forever kind heart."

"And then that girl! Very much fitted *you* are to be a mother to a big girl like that!"

"She'll be a mother to *me*," said Amy, laughing her merriest little laugh. "I assure you Mattie is equal to that."

"And to be married so soon, too; only engaged for a month— Mr. Rainor," Matilda changed from the sarcastic to the angelic in a trice, for Mr. Rainor had entered as she spoke—"Mr. Rainor, *why* don't you marry a mature woman instead of this giddy girl? or why do you not at least wait a year or two before you commit the rash act?"

"Because," said Mr. Rainor, not accepting as badinage what he knew Matilda at heart did not consider a jest—"because Amy, just as she is"—his arm was around her, and with hands clasped upon his shoulders she was looking up joyously and lovingly to his face—"Amy satisfies my mind and my heart; because she has brought sunlight to my life; because in my house, and by every one in it, she is wanted—*wanted at once!*"

THE CHURCH OF ST. JEREMIAH.

ABOUT an hour's ride westward from Jerusalem there is a small village that was famous twenty-five years ago as the stronghold of the Arab sheik ABOU GOSH (the Father of Tricks), who hated the Turks as foreign despots. This village was built up around an ancient church and convent of Roman Catholic Minorites some time in the twelfth century. The convent has been destroyed, but the church, which was one of the most solidly built in the country, remains, though in ruins, as may be seen in our sketch on page 336. The roof over the centre aisle has fallen, as is shown in the sketch, while the side aisles are still covered, and serve as a store-house or stable, as its owners may choose. There were three naves, the centre higher, terminating in three apses with windows. The interior (ogive in the roof) was frescoed in the Greek style of the Middle Ages, and presented in bright colors all around the side walls the usual array of nine-foot-high bishops with the pallium and full robes, stiff as if with embroidery, and the five-feet priests in their vestments, engaged in the offices of the Church, attended by acolytes, three feet high, bearing candles taller than themselves, and the common people, about two feet high, in various attitudes, as receiving the wafer of communion, the water of baptism, or in postures of adoration, prayer, or other action appropriate to the occasion of a high day at the chapel. The ornamentation of the architecture is in the style called Byzantine, and is in many parts entire and satisfactory in design and execution. The main door is on the north side, in good proportion and quite well preserved, the leaves only having disappeared. The windows, as shown in the sketch, are small and placed high in the side walls, leaving a clear space for the frescoes just mentioned. The west window is large, but its ornaments are gone. The general design of this church was copied in that of the Holy Chapel at Paris. In the year 1490 the Franciscan friars living in the convent were murdered by the Arabs. They were an inoffensive community, keeping open house to all, and the Arabs never made a greater mistake than when they broke up the traveller's home.

The place was selected by the inventors of ecclesiastical traditions for the site of the ancient Anathoth, and, as such, the birth-place of the prophet JEREMIAH. The church was therefore dedicated to the memory of St. JEREMIAH, who was adopted into the Christian calendar from the Hebrew annals, which some scholars are disposed to believe were as little worthy of entire acceptance as the traditions just alluded to. This village has been the last resting-place of the pious pilgrim on the way to Jerusalem for a thousand years, for it was so used long before the church was built. Early in the morning the pilgrim or traveller is aroused from sleep and sent on his way, so as to arrive in view of the Holy City at or just before sunrise. At Easter there are twenty or thirty thousand pilgrims in Palestine, and their numbers being too great even for the large religious houses to shelter all at once, the slopes of the hills about, and especially the side hill on which the church stands, are thickly tented. At other seasons there may be seen, perhaps, only a small party of travellers, whose tents, as shown in our illustration, are usually pitched on the slope near the church among the olive-trees.

The Convent and Church of St. Jeremiah is one of the favored "localities" of Palestine to which the kind providence of the Romish Church has attached a "partial indulgence" as a reward to the visiting pilgrim. Considering that the friars have been murdered, the convent sacked, and the orchards and vineyards destroyed, so that the indulgence, so far as the place is concerned, is very partial, the true meaning of the Church dignitaries probably is that the pilgrim is to be allowed, as a reward for his sacrifice of visitation to the sacred locality, to seek his indulgence at a future time and in more congenial climes, where they do not kill friars nor destroy vineyards to any great extent.

JOHN LOCKE AND DEBASED MONEY.

JOHN LOCKE discussed in the close of the seventeenth century the principles of finance, and pointed out the evils of a debased currency. His inquisitive mind was always turned to the useful. He examined for his own age and for all others the questions of government, education, political economy, science. The son of a lawyer of some eminence, he studied at Oxford; his father and brother both died early of consumption. LOCKE's own constitution was always feeble, and torn by racking coughs or wasting fevers, he turned almost instinctively to the study of medicine, in search, perhaps, of some elixir that might prolong or soften life. But fate had provided for him a remarkable friendship, and when he had met the brilliant, aspiring, inquisitive statesman, ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER—DRYDEN's "Achitophel"—their common impulses bound them together in a lasting and memorable union. The Earl of Shaftesbury, as he was afterward known, was the leader of the House of Commons; the apparent favorite of the king; a fine orator; daring, active; the chief politician of his age; wealthy, of ancient descent; but his feeble frame was pierced by an incurable disease, and in all the splendor of his political triumphs SHAFTESBURY seemed only to hover over the grave. The merciless satirists of the age scoffed at his infirmities. Even DRYDEN pursued "Achitophel" with cruel malevolence. He sang, when SHAFTESBURY was on trial for his life:

"Of these the false Achitophel was first—
A name to all succeeding ages cursed;....
A fiery soul which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay."

The young physician has thrown a softer renown over the memory of SHAFTESBURY, and refutes the satirist. Their famous friendship has aided all liberal statesmanship in later ages, and LOCKE and SHAFTESBURY led the way to reform.

LOCKE became one of the family at Exeter House, and when SHAFTESBURY was made Lord Chancellor, was his secretary and chief adviser. He even selected a wife for his son, who was of weak mind; when some matrimonial difficulties arose, LOCKE took charge of the children; it was afterward the boast of the eldest, the author of the *Characteristics*, that in his early youth he was submitted to the care of the great author and philosopher. But soon, in the rapid change of parties, SHAFTESBURY fell from his high offices, was tried for his life, was pierced by the bitter shafts of DRYDEN's satire, boldly resisted for a moment the tyranny of the king, and then fled to Holland to die in miserable exile. LOCKE hid for a time at Oxford, watched by his jealous foes, and at last he too escaped to hospitable Holland, to learn the value of freedom, and study that remarkable system of finance which had always made the Netherlands a model of unblemished credit. The Dutch grew rich by the follies of their neighbors. They coined the best money when England and France were covered with a debased currency; they stole away the commerce of London by their integrity and prudence, until the English merchants clamored for war, and hoped to destroy by force their commercial rivals. The credit of Holland was high, its silver was pure, its debts were always paid, its markets were filled with money, when London was overwhelmed with a clipped coinage, when the credit of the English government was lost, when trade decayed, even agriculture, and the profits of English industry served only to enrich the foreigner. LOCKE's inquisitive intellect discovered in Holland the cause of this disparity. Holland flourished because it practiced honesty; England perished because it had lost its honor. Holland drew in the wealth of the world because it always kept its word; England sent abroad the coin that should have made its people prosperous, and was plunged in bankruptcy and a reign of inferior money. Commercial honor was the foundation of national wealth, and honest money the source of popular ease.

When the fair fleet of WILLIAM of Orange set sail with favorable winds to find shelter in the harbor of Torbay, when the soft hills that encircle that tranquil scene looked down upon the Dutch armada, a revolution began in English commercial affairs as sudden, as remarkable, as in the political. The debased coinage was to disappear. Honesty was to become the leading trait of the English government; its credit was to be forever undoubted; its bank, its stocks, were to stand unshaken. The false coinage of the STUARTS, with their shameless dishonesty, was to pass away, and England and America to feel a new impulse. In the van of the Dutch fleet came back a sickly, consumptive scholar, still known only to his familiar friends, almost obscure, forgotten, but whose busy mind began now to pour out in print its endless speculations. It is only as a financier that we have to do with JOHN LOCKE. On his return the question of the currency arose; the clipped coinage had driven away the good; the nation was poor, embarrassed, discontented; and every one saw that no business could be transacted with profit, no wealth accumulated, while the debased coinage embarrassed every branch of trade. But two parties at once arose, divided upon this subject by an irreconcilable difference. WILLIAM LOWNDES, a person of financial ability, was the champion of inflation. His plan was to plunge the nation in still greater difficulties by raising the nominal price of every coin. He shared the opinion of those who think that a government can make an ounce of silver worth an ounce and a half; that by merely stamping a coin with its mark it can place upon it what value it pleases; that it could delude or compel the foreigner into taking its false money for good, and enrich its own subjects by flooding the nation with a debased currency. There will, no doubt, always be persons who are of LOWNDES's opinion. We hear every where those who think —believe—that the government mark and a legal tender clause create the value of a coinage. The Emperor of China thought so, stamped his mulberry bark, and made it legal tender. When he died it vanished into air. The advocates of unlimited and inconvertible paper money think so. The nation owes nearly all its financial distress to the long reign of a depreciated paper. The recent Silver Bill is founded upon the same error. Its only effect has been to embarrass business and destroy or weaken the credit of the nation.

LOCKE could see all the evils of a false coinage. He began to enumerate them at once. Of the "mystery" of money he said: "To me there appears to be none in it. 'Tis but stripping it of the cant which all men that talk of it involve it in, and there is nothing easier. Lay by the arbitrary names of pence and shillings, and consider and speak of grains and ounces of silver, and 'tis as easy as telling twenty." Value, he said, depended upon the consent of commercial nations. Pure silver or gold was of equal value for equal weights in London or Peru. No government could increase or diminish the commercial price of a pound of silver. But there was one thing they could do: they could debase their currency; by that means they might injure their own subjects and destroy the prosperity of their country. He paints the evils of a debased currency in language that describes with singular exactness the effect of the long rule of depreciated paper money upon the agriculture and trade of the Southern and Western States. "Nature," he says, "has bestowed mines on several parts of the world, but their riches are only for the industrious and the frugal." A clipped currency makes a nation poor. England loses one-third the value of every commodity it sells to foreigners so long as it uses bad money. "And this robbing of England of near one-third of the value of the commodities we send out will continue while the people had rather receive guineas at thirty shillings than silver coin (no other being to be had) that is not worth half what they take it for."[1] Silver was the common currency in LOCKE's time—gold had not yet become the standard of value—and depreciated or clipped silver had nearly proved the ruin of the country. "I do not see," he says, "how in a little while we shall have any money or goods at all left in England," if the depreciated coin is suffered to circulate.

It is in this way that the Southern and Western States have been drained of their money and their goods by the long prevalence of a depreciated paper currency, and foreign nations have grown rich by our folly and our misfortunes. They have left the farmer no money, no goods, a great many debts, a doubtful future. The industrial class suffers because it has consented to take bad money; the richest regions of Kansas and Minnesota, Georgia or Texas, have been impoverished by a trade that was never in their favor. Agriculture has long been an unsatisfactory business, because its narrow range of profits has been swept away by the various evils of an inflated currency. Our silver and gold have gone to other countries, our commerce is nearly lost. Foreign merchants hold most of our trade. With a good currency the West and the South might have engrossed the wealth of Liverpool and London; with bad, they must lose steadily their "money and their goods," until not all the bounty of nature, nor the richest harvests, nor the most prolific mines will save them from the results of a false financial policy. Happily it seems their people are beginning to feel their danger. It is not unlikely that the West and South will yet be the strongest advocates for an honest currency, and demand payment from England and the world in good money for all their varied products, and this will in future be the only American, the republican system of finance.[2] EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[1] *Works*, Vol. V., 196.
[2] *Locke's Works*, Vol. V. *Life of John Locke*. J. FOX BOURNE.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE death of Father SECCHI, the eminent astronomer, and director of the observatory in the Collegio Romano, took place on the 26th of February, his scientific activity having been uninterrupted up to almost the day of his death, at the age of fifty-nine.

Father SECCHI in early life was a resident of Georgetown, D. C., arriving there on the 22d of December, 1848, in company with several priests who were driven from Rome by the revolution. He was placed in charge of the department of physics at the Georgetown College, and while there prepared a memoir entitled *Researches in Electrical Rheometry*, published in 1852 by the Smithsonian Institution.

On his return to Rome he took charge of the chair of physics in the Collegio Romano, where he has carried on uninterruptedly a career of great usefulness for thirty years. While his contemporaries had not ascribed to him any great amount of originality as an investigator, his industry has been marvellous in connection with all subjects relating to astronomy, magnetism, and meteorology, and he did much toward presenting and solving many important problems. He was especially interested in the applications of the spectroscope, both in connection with the recent eclipses and the general constitution of the sun. He was the founder of the society of Italian spectroscopists—an organization which publishes a series of valuable memoirs.

It may astonish some American utilitarians to learn that measures are on foot in France for the preservation of the bowlders or rocks scattered over the surface of the country, instead of getting them out of the way as fast as possible by blasting or burying. Their interest consists in the fact of their representing a long-past geological period, when they were transported from a great distance by floating or moving ice. The government of Switzerland has for many years looked after its bowlders, and similar action has been taken in Scotland.

So far as we know, the only formal action in regard to preserving the bowlders in the United States is that taken by the Essex Institute, at Salem, which has purchased several prominent objects of this character from the owner, with the stringent stipulation that they are to be preserved from any injury.

Judge KELLEY has introduced into the House of Representatives a bill to provide for the admission, free of duty, of all works of art, collections in illustration of the progress of the fine arts, sciences, or manufactures, photographs, works in metal, wood, terra cotta, Parian pottery, porcelain, glass, ivory, and artistic copies of antiques in metal or other material imported in good faith for exhibition at a fixed place by any society or institution established for the encouragement of the arts or sciences, and not intended for sale.

A clause of the bill makes it applicable to any importations heretofore made for display at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, as well as to all that may be introduced hereafter.

The director of the United States Naval Observatory has issued a pamphlet of instruction for observing the transit of Mercury on the 5th and 6th of May, 1878, as prepared by Professor NEWCOMB, superintendent of the Nautical Almanac.

Observation of this phenomenon is of special importance as affording data for deciding the question whether the assertion of LEVERRIER, that the motion of the perihelion of Mercury is much greater than that due to the action of the known planets, is correct. The concurrent action of a great number of observers is, therefore, desired, as the necessary equipment is quite small. This consists of a telescope of not less than three inches aperture, with a magnifying power of not less than ninety diameters; a chronometer or a good clock having a seconds pendulum; and a transit instrument or sextant for determining the error of the time-piece.

If a sextant is used, the time should be determined by altitudes on both sides of the meridian. In places connected with Washington by telegraph it is thought that arrangements may be made with the Western Union Telegraph Company for the communication of the noon signal from the United States Observatory, and perhaps time signals may be given at other hours, by which observers may at once compare their time-pieces with Washington time.

It is desirable that the time should be determined within a second or two, the attempt to estimate fractions of a second in observing transits of Mercury being useless. The earliest moment at which it is probable the first contact will occur on the morning of May 6 will be about four minutes past ten, Washington mean time. The egress of the planet will begin twenty-six minutes before six in the afternoon of May 6.

Copies of this circular can be obtained by application to Admiral JOHN RODGERS, United States Naval Observatory, Washington.

The fourteenth number of the work on indigenous and exotic lepidoptera, by Mr. HERMANN STRECKER, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has appeared, after a long interval since its predecessor. It contains, as usual, one quarto plate, thickly crowded with figures and descriptions of various species, new and old. Among the former is a *Smerinthus imperator* from Arizona, and *Sphynx elsa* from the same region.

The monotony of scientific description is, as usual with Mr. STRECKER, diversified and enlivened by personal allusions to brother entomologists.

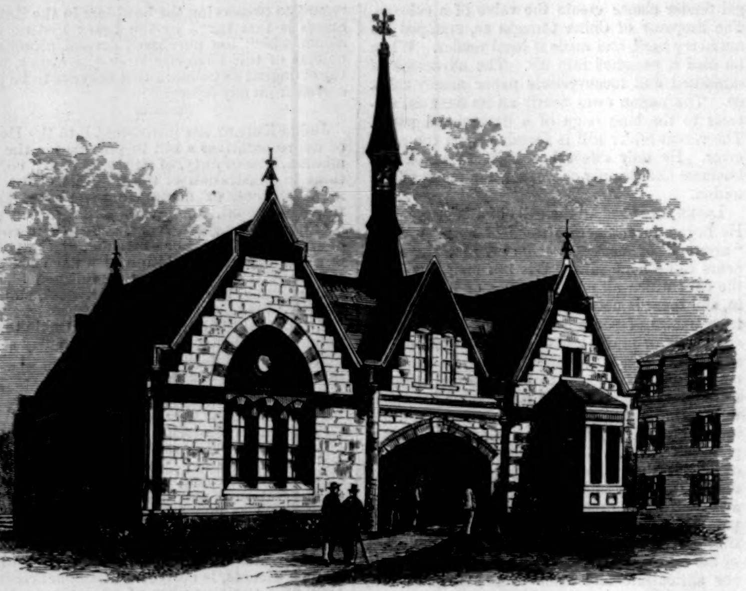
The return of the herring to the coast of Sweden, after a long interval, is a fact of very great biological and political importance. One hundred years ago no Swedish industry was so prominent as that connected with the fisheries, over a million barrels of fish being preserved, involving the employment of a large portion of the population in their capture and preparation. Enormous establishments, scattered along the coast, in which a great amount of capital had been invested, have long been abandoned, and are in ruins. Should the promise of the year 1877 be continued, it is likely that these will all be restored.

This change of location, it would seem, has taken place at the expense of the coast of Norway, which, for the first time in many years, has been unvisited by the herring.

A special commission has been appointed, consisting of Professors SARS and SMITT, to investigate the whole subject.

It may not be amiss to remark that for several years past quite profitable industry has been prosecuted from Gloucester in shipping American herring to Gottenburg, in Sweden; but the re-appearance of this fish on the coast has put an end to the business.

Quite recently an animated discussion has arisen in Germany in regard to the true history of the eel. In the *Deutsche Fischerei Zeitung* for February 19, Dr. SHOCH, of Zurich, communicates the following conclusions, as summing up the points which may be considered as essentially substantiated: First, the eel is a fresh-water fish, which passes the greater part of its life in fresh-water, but spawns in the sea. Second, it is extremely improbable that the eel brings forth living young. Third, the river eel of the head waters or upper portion of the rivers is almost always a female, with undeveloped ovaries. Fourth, at the age of four years the eel goes down to the sea to spawn, and never returns to the fresh-water. Fifth, by the deposit of the eggs the life of the female is greatly endangered, sometimes eels being found by thousands near the mouths of rivers, with the ovaries entirely empty. Sixth, the descent of the eel to the sea does not appear to take place at any definite period; it probably, however, relates to the spawning season. Seventh, the male eel is always much smaller than the female, none of the former being known over fifty centimeters in length. Eighth, the males never ascend high up toward the head waters of the rivers, but keep either continually in the sea, or in the brackish water or the lower reaches of the stream. Thus a male eel has never been found in the Rhine from Basle upward. Ninth, nothing is known definitely about the spawning season. Tenth, according to all that is known, it is probable that the eels spawn in the deep sea, perhaps not very far from the mouths of the rivers.



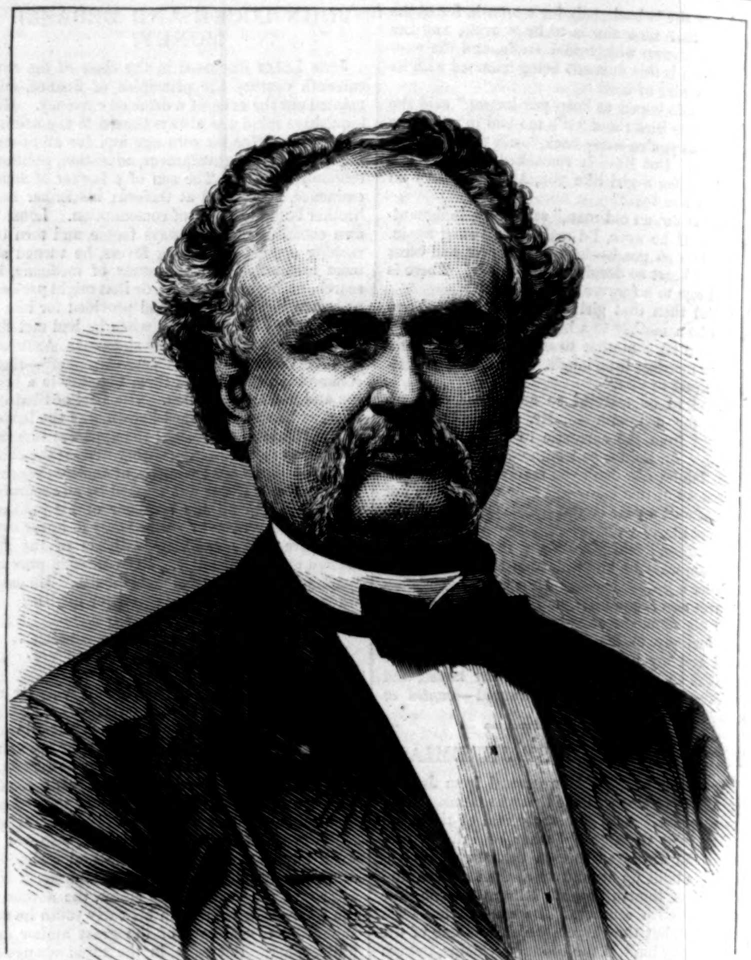
THE ADAMS ACADEMY, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

PROFESSOR W. R. DIMMOCK.

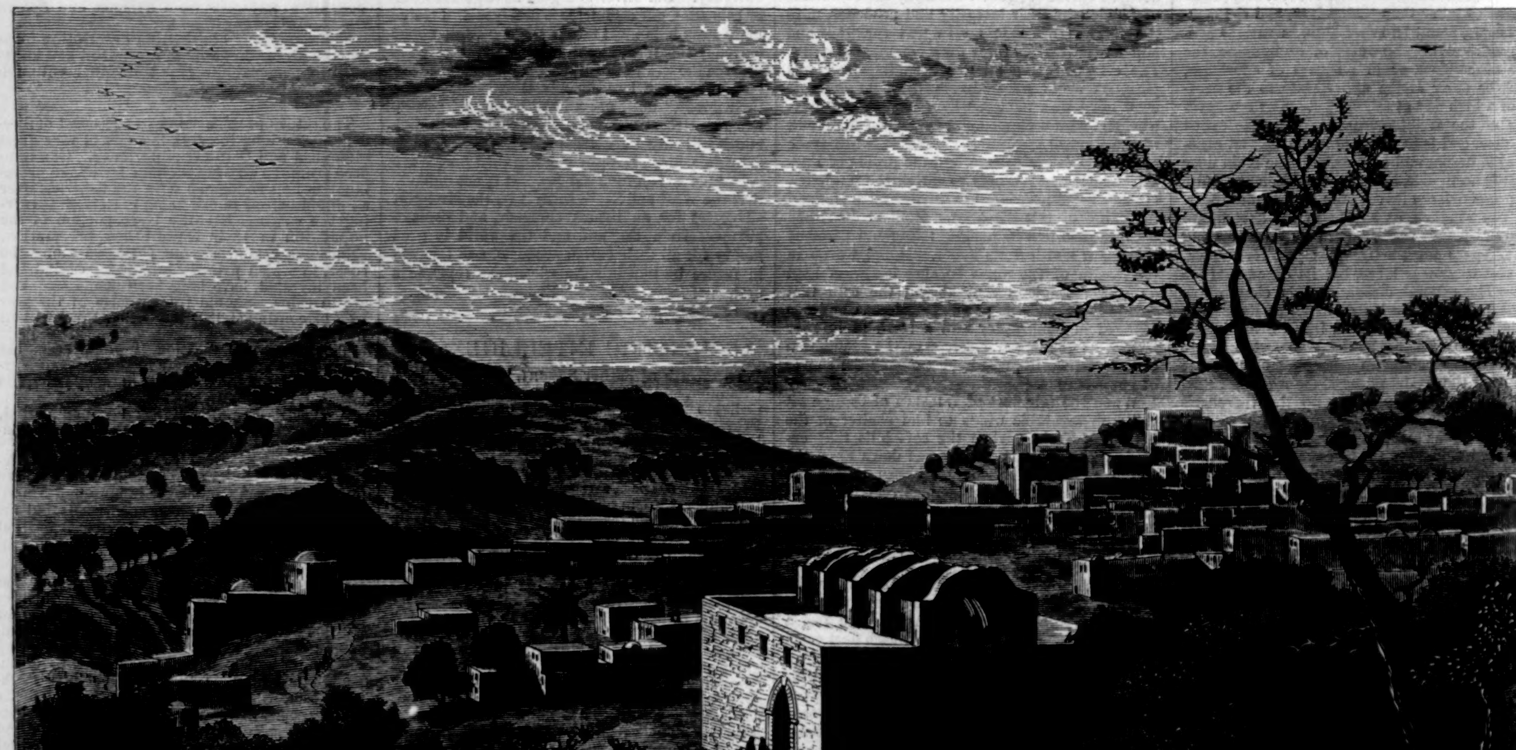
Every one who has read that charming book, *Tom Brown's School-Days*, will remember the portrait of Dr. Arnold, the Master of Rugby—a man born to teach boys, who happily lived to fulfill his lofty mission through many years, and to be followed to the grave by the affectionate regrets of thousands who had known the beneficent influence of his teaching. A man of similar character and aims has been lost to the cause of education in America by the recent death of Professor Dimmock, master of the Adams Academy, at Quincy, Massachusetts. Devoted heart and soul to his work, modest and unobtrusive, he was not widely known outside of his profession, and yet few men have accomplished more in the interest of higher education in this country. He was a born teacher, and by education as well as character well equipped for his calling. One who knew him intimately writes of him in a recent number of the *Nation*: "Dr. Dimmock's peculiar force as a teacher was due in the first place to the genuine sympathy he had with boys. There was nothing of the old-fashioned school-master about him. It was curious to see the deep interest and keen enjoyment with which he watched them at their sports—on the foot-ball ground, the beach, and the skating pond. He knew every lad in his school individually, and could tell exactly what he was good for; and there were very few indeed who were not good for something. The healthy enjoyment of their boyhood which his scholars got at Quincy was, therefore, in curious contrast with the dreary recollections of the similar period in their own lives which remain with those who were educated in the city schools of thirty years ago. But it was in the school-room that Dr. Dimmock was strongest. He taught individually, not mechanically. Thoroughly imbued with a love of the classics, he sat in his master's chair imparting a knowledge of something which he loved to boys whom he loved. Never for a moment was his school out of mind. It was his monument, his life's work. It is not often that a teacher of this sort is found, and no one can well measure the extent of the loss involved in his death. A generation of boys which would have passed under his great influence are deprived of it."

Professor Dimmock was only forty-three years old at the time of his death. He was a native of Boston, and graduated from Williams College in 1855. He then took an usher's position in one of the Boston grammar schools, preparatory to studying the profession of law, for which he was singularly well qualified. On his return to Boston from a short visit abroad he was admitted to the bar, but soon afterward accepted an invitation to the professorship of Greek in Williams College, which he retained for six years. On the opening of the Adams Academy in Quincy, in 1872, he accepted the position of master. The school opened with twenty-six pupils, drawn to it mainly by the reputation which he had already established; in five years the number had increased to one hundred and fifty—a rapidity of growth perhaps unexampled in American schools of this class. At the outset he purposely took the entire work upon himself, that he might be unimpeded in establishing school traditions. He impressed his own personality upon the school, and formed its character upon his own ideal of excellence.

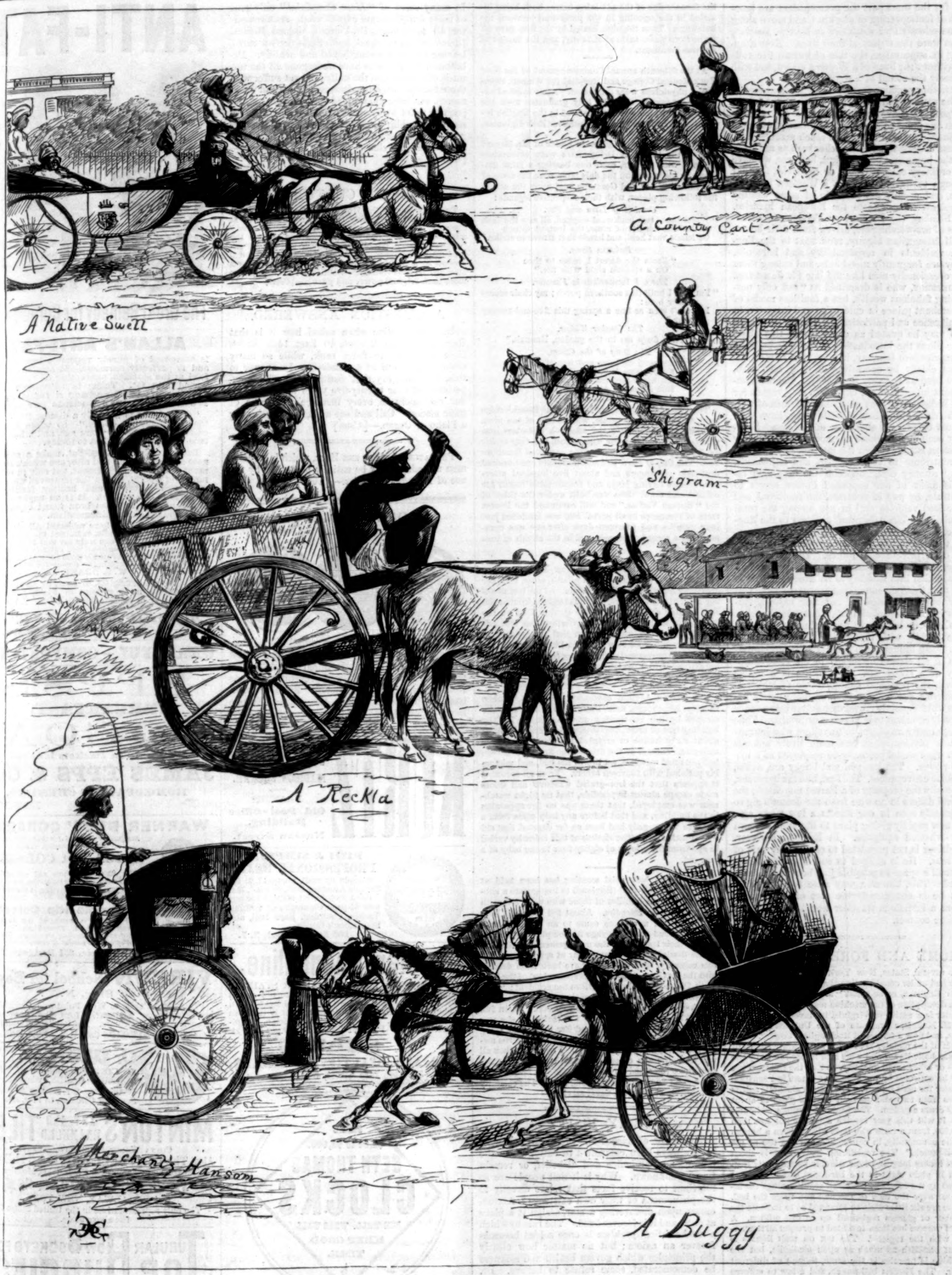
Professor Dimmock was a great man in his profession, and, had his life been spared, he would have left a name as widely known and beloved



PROFESSOR W. R. DIMMOCK.—[Photographed by Metcalf & Welldon.]



THE CHURCH OF ST. JEREMIAH, AT ENAB, PALESTINE.—Drawn by A. L. Rawson.—[See Page 335.]



LOCOMOTION IN BOMBAY.

as that of the late Master of Rugby, to whom, as we have already said, he bore a striking resemblance in character, acquirements, and aims. In his death not only the school over which he presided, but the general cause of education, has sustained a loss which it will be difficult to repair.

LOCOMOTION IN BOMBAY.

THERE is probably no city in the East where the streets by day and by night present so many curious and grotesque sights and scenes as may be encountered by the European traveller in Bombay. On the occasion of a festival the thoroughfares of this Indian town seem like a panorama in which the artist has introduced figures of every race and nation, and at the same time allowed himself to revel in most unnatural and marvellous combinations of color. The inhabitants, who are of the most heterogeneous kind that ever peopled a city—Mohammedans, Parsees, Hindoos, Mahrattas, Chinese, English sailors from the harbor, negroes, Lascars, and nondescripts from all quarters—appear in holiday costumes, the details of which are as various as the persons that wear them. Robes of vermilion, scarlet, blue, and gold, richly embroidered jackets, and flowing white blouses intermingle and blend with the olive-colored naked backs of those who own neither ornament nor dress worth mentioning, but who come out by the thousands as a sort of offset to the magnificence of others. Throughout the crowd persons of certain races and religious faith can be traced by the peculiarity of their head-dresses. There is the Parsee hat, the European helmet, the Turkish fez and snow-white turban, the turban of green worn by the most favored of MOHAMMED's own, and those of red and pink, popular among the Mahrattas of the hills.

As for the Mohammedan, who adds greatly to the masses of color exhibited in Bombay, he knows that in conforming to the fashion of personal adornment he is at the same time performing an act of devotion. It is combining pleasure with business, and pleasing the mind—a two-handed comfort which not only renders the body a thing of beauty, but morally constitutes it a joy forever. For this reason the Mohammedans generally daub their foreheads all over, thus adding to their beauty and their piety at one stroke. If the feast to be celebrated only happen to coincide with the date of one of their own, the Mohammedan exceeds the Parsee in gorgeousness. Firmly believing Dr. WATTS's aphorism, that "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," he brings out an extra supply of betel-nut, puts on his choicest turban and robe, and, brilliant in hue but grave in demeanor, joins the throng. In this way the crowd in the streets is recruited. When darkness comes on and the lamps are lighted, the colored fires burn in the courts of the temples, and the glow is reflected from the burnished metal-work for which the outsides of the houses in Bombay are famous, the sight is magnificent in the extreme. Again, effect is given to the marvellous panorama by the silence that prevails. Occasionally a sandal may grate on the hard road,

but for the most part the promenaders are innocent of foot-covering of any kind, and move along as noiselessly and stealthily as though absolute quiet were the object of their lives. Ever changing in appearance, the tide of human life rolls on without the buzz of a Western crowd, and with scarcely the sound of a single footfall.

Another peculiar feature of the Bombay streets is the various and multiform vehicles used for the purpose of conveying both natives and visitors from one point to another. No description could do justice to these marvels in coach manufacture, unless accompanied by sketches such as are given on the preceding page. First, however, we have an ordinary open carriage or barouche, familiar enough to us, but in India a Western importation, and usually the property of some wealthy merchant with a taste for European luxuries. In Bombay the Parsees, or Persians, descendants of fire-worshippers, driven from their homes by Mohammedan bigotry, rank next to the English residents in respectability and influence. They are frequently merchants, and among them are occasionally men like the late Sir JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHOY, who is described as "not only possessing fabulous wealth, but a faultless model of a merchant prince in enterprise and integrity, in munificence and patriotism." The LOWJI family also may be quoted as examples of this class. Ever since the introduction of the ship-building enterprise into Bombay, in 1735, the LOWJIS, assisted chiefly by operatives of their own race, have been at the very head of this, the most important interest of the city. Not only vessels for the Indian navy, but also imperial men-of-war, both frigates and line-of-battle ships, have been almost exclusively the work of Parsees. Naturally such men as these are not slow in adopting Western customs when the latter are of a nature to contribute to their comfort and enjoyment. The "country cart," opposite the luxurious establishment of our supposed Parsee, serves to illustrate, by way of contrast, the cumbrous and ill-devised vehicles still in use among the rural population. The "shigram" answers to the English cab, and is chiefly patronized by shop-keepers, and those whose means do not warrant the luxury of a private conveyance. The street car, again, is a familiar friend, and naturally owes its introduction into Bombay to an American. It is said that these democratic conveyances have actually been the means of reducing caste prejudices among the inhabitants of the Indian city. It is easy to believe it, for nothing does away more rapidly with the feeling of exclusiveness than being brought into contact with representatives of all classes of society in the close contiguity of a street car. The reckla is a native vehicle, the principal characteristic of which is its narrow seats. Yet four or more portly natives will frequently crowd themselves into a space scarcely sufficient to hold two comfortably. Time is apparently no object to travellers who journey in this fashion, otherwise more lively animals than oxen would probably be employed as a motive power. The hansom and buggy are, again, familiar conveyances. The first, like the barouche, is usually the property of a Parsee merchant; the second differs in no wise from the doctor's gig so frequently seen in our streets a few years ago, but now rapidly giving place to the more modern four-wheeled equipage. In Bombay, however, the driver is not permitted to occupy any part of the seat. He is obliged to curl himself up into as small a space as possible just behind the dashboard. This, however, may arise from the fact that he is not usually the sort of *cocher* with whom a fastidious traveller would care to come in close contact.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

As several States, New York among the number, have had under consideration the adoption of the Barroom Register, or so-called "Moffett Bell-Punch," a brief description of the machine may be in place. This register is a native of Virginia, its inventor Dr. Samuel H. Moffett, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and now a farmer of Rockingham County. The object of the register is to make an accurate record of the alcoholic liquor and wine sold in bar-rooms by the glass or other small quantity, so that the full legal tax may be collected by the assessor. There is a separate register for malt liquors. The tax on alcoholic spirits varies from two and one-half cents a glass to about forty cents a gallon. The State of Virginia estimates that it will this year receive a tax of not less than $800,000, from a class who have always been a burden to the community, in consequence of the use of the "bell-punch." The registering instrument is about eight inches long and four wide, is permanently fastened in plain sight in the bar-room, and locked and sealed by the assessor. A small crank springs the indicator over the face of the dial and rings the bell. There are six little dials so arranged as to indicate the number of glasses registered up to one million. A novel process has been invented to prevent all tampering with the register. The tax on malt liquors is about one-fifth as much as upon alcoholic, but the machine is practically the same, though of different color. The Moffett bell-punch, and a law to enforce its use, have been a topic of warm discussion in many quarters.

During March 489 men and 425 women were provided with employment at the Castle Garden Labor Exchange. A large proportion of the men were employed as farm laborers, and the women chiefly as servants.

The great engine which is to drive the machinery at the Paris Exposition was carried out on the *Wyoming*.

Frauds in house-building and plumbing are common enough, no doubt, but an unusual instance is mentioned in *The Plumber and Sanitary Engineer*. The occupants of several new brick dwellings in Brooklyn complained of sewer gas. On examination it was found that the trap was too short to make a joint with the waste-pipe, and connection had been effected by means of a short carrying piece, open on the upper side, permitting the free escape of gases into the house. Moreover, the waste-pipe of one house was in contact with the furnace flue of the adjoining house, both being inserted in the opening in the party-wall between the buildings. Thus the pipe, heated by the flue, gave off its noxious gases more abundantly, and the danger of fire was imminent.

At the fifteenth annual Commencement of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, twenty-six physicians were graduated. After musical exercises, addresses, etc., the lady graduates took the usual oath, which was administered in the English instead of the Latin language, and received their diplomas.

At the recent dinner given in honor of Mr. Bayard Taylor, the tables at Delmonico's were elaborately adorned with flowers, each one bearing a large emblematic piece. Upon the dais table were the arms of the United States and Germany, and upon the others the following pieces, with their respective legends:

Combat of Lars and Per.

"When those two backward stepped, all saw the flash
Of knives, the lift of arms, the instant clench
Of hands that held, and hands that strove to strike."

Bedouin Song.

"From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire."

The old Pennsylvania Farmer.

"I'm glad I built this southern porch; my chair seems easier here:
I haven't seen as fine a spring this five-and-twenty year."

The Quaker Widow.

"Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah."

The Song of the Camp.

"They sang of Love and not of Fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

The *City of Pará*, recently launched at Roach's shipyard, Chester, Pennsylvania, will be one of the most magnificent merchant ships afloat—a first-class iron screw-steamer. Like her companion, the *City of Rio de Janeiro*, she is designed for the projected Brazilian line. The *City of Pará* will accommodate one hundred first-class passengers and about five hundred steerage, besides having large and comfortable rooms for officers and crew. She was built under the rules of the "Bureau Veritas," and will command the lowest rates of insurance in all ports. She was launched just four months and fourteen days after she was commenced—a record unprecedented in the annals of iron ship-building.

It has been the custom of the New York Coaching Club to meet together once a month, some member providing a dinner on the occasion. At the last meeting Mr. Fairman Rogers, of Philadelphia, invited the club to dine at his house in the Quaker City on the first Saturday in May. The invitation was enthusiastically accepted, on condition that the journey be made by coach from New York to Philadelphia. Accordingly arrangements for the long coach-ride are being discussed, and the trip will be one of the novelties of the times.

The Insane Asylum connected with the Steuben County Almshouse, near Bath, New York, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, April 7. The building was of brick, two stories high, and contained about sixty insane or crippled inmates. An insane epileptic, confined at the time of the fire in his room, had obtained matches, set fire to his bed, and miserably perished with fourteen others. From all accounts it appears that the iron-grated windows and doors made escape almost impossible, that no night watchman was employed, that there was no fire apparatus in the building, and that before any help came from a distance the tragedy had been so far enacted that aid was of little avail. The victims of this calamity varied in age from the cripple of eighty-four to the baby of a year old.

A large and influential meeting has been held at Portsmouth dock-yard (England) to inaugurate a subscription for the families of those who were lost with the unfortunate *Eurydice*. About 300 men and boys of the British navy thus came to an untimely end. The vessel had made a voyage for the purpose of competing their training in the management of sails, and in the discipline of a man-of-war at sea. Except for this calamity, they would all have been soon drafted into the service. A London correspondent of the New York *Times* thus briefly describes the accident: "The *Eurydice* had been under the shelter of the hills. The sun was shining. The ship was speeding on in full sail. The squall came down the ravine as she was passing it, and literally capsized her before any thing could be done, while a sudden snow-storm hid the awful picture in a cold white cloud. Presently, when all was over, the sun came out again, and of that good ship there remained on the waters only a few floating spars and two or three struggling men. The calamity is a terrible blow to the naval service."

WHY IS IT?

THE truths of science and progressive thought have always been compelled to batter down the bulwarks of prejudice and disbelief, or remain forever unknown. Why is it that people are so reluctant to receive facts that relate directly to the phenomena of their own existence? Astronomers, upon discovering a star, assign it a place at once, and it is forever fixed. The rule by which a mathematical problem is once solved becomes forever an axiom; but no matter how clearly the principles which govern health and sickness be demonstrated, some refuse to believe. Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, which are now so generally used, and deservedly popular, were, in their early days, very reluctantly received by the people. To-day, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has outrivalled the old-time sarsaparillas, his Pellets are in general use in place of the coarse, huge, drastic pills formerly so much employed, while the sales of his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and his Favorite Prescription are enormous. Where the skin is sallow and covered with blotches and pimples, or where there are scrofulous swellings and affections, a few bottles of his Golden Medical Discovery will effect an entire cure. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in the mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from *Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness."* In many cases of "*Liver Complaint*" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. Debilitated females who have undergone all the tortures of caustic and the knife, and yet suffer with those peculiar *dragging-down* sensations and weaknesses, can have guaranteed to them prompt and positive relief by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; while constipation and torpid liver, or "biliousness," are promptly relieved by the Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Sold by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for May, the contents of which are summarized below, is as large and as full of novelty and variety as usual, and is full of the inspiration of spring-time.*

WESTERN SONG BIRDS.

ROBERT RIDGEWAY, the well-known ornithologist, contributes an exceedingly interesting paper on *The Song Birds of the West*, with nineteen illustrations by GIBSON and BEARD, surpassing anything heretofore done in that line.

ITALIAN POETS.

EUGENE LAWRENCE contributes an able and eloquent paper (profusely illustrated) on *The Italian Poets*. This is supplemented by other contributions in the number: *The Silent Tryst*—a poem based on a curious incident connected with Petrarch and Laura, by MARGARET J. PRESTON; Four Poems by Michael Angelo, translated by E. HOWLAND; and Dr. COAN'S fine poem, *The Italian Poet in Exile*.

EASTER SONG.

FRANCES L. MACY, the author of "Israfil," contributes a poem, *Easter Morning*, beautifully illustrated by FREDERICKS.

GERMAN SUMMER PALACES.

Under the title of *Along the Havel*, ARTHUR VENNER gives a charming article, beautifully illustrated, on Potsdam and its neighborhood. He tells a romantic story of Carl Schurz's early years.

DOWN-EAST ROMANCE.

SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, author of "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," contributes *Coast Rambles in Essex*—including Lynn, Swampscot, and Nahant—full of humor and romance, with picturesque illustrations.

"THE COMING MAN."

Under the title of *Free Muscular Development*, WILLIAM BLAIKIE pointedly and comprehensively treats the subject of physical training.

THE OLD MASTERS.

The admirable series of illustrated papers on *Old Flemish Masters* is continued. The subject treated in this number is Peter Paul Rubens, with some very fine engravings of his pictures.

FICTION.

The great serial novels of the year, WILLIAM BLACK'S *Macleod of Dare*, and THOMAS HARDY'S *The Return of the Native*, are continued, and both are finely illustrated.

There are three strong short stories: *The Story of Jean Malcomb*, by SUSAN A. WEISS, with illustrations by ABBEY; *My Nephew's Crotchets*, by LUCRETIA P. HALE; and *Why Jack Went to Europe*, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

OUR CONSULS ABROAD.

In a paper entitled *The English Civil Service*, the Hon. F. H. MORSE gives especial attention to the comparative importance of the English and American consular service.

EASY CHAIR TOPICS.

The EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR contains a suggestive political chapter apropos of Daniel Webster's disappointment; glimpses of the old Walton House, and, in this connection, a quaint description of a Flemish interior in the publishing-house over the way; a Sassafras Club discussion; and a notice of the "Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy."

The other Editorial departments are full of interesting and entertaining matter in their several fields.

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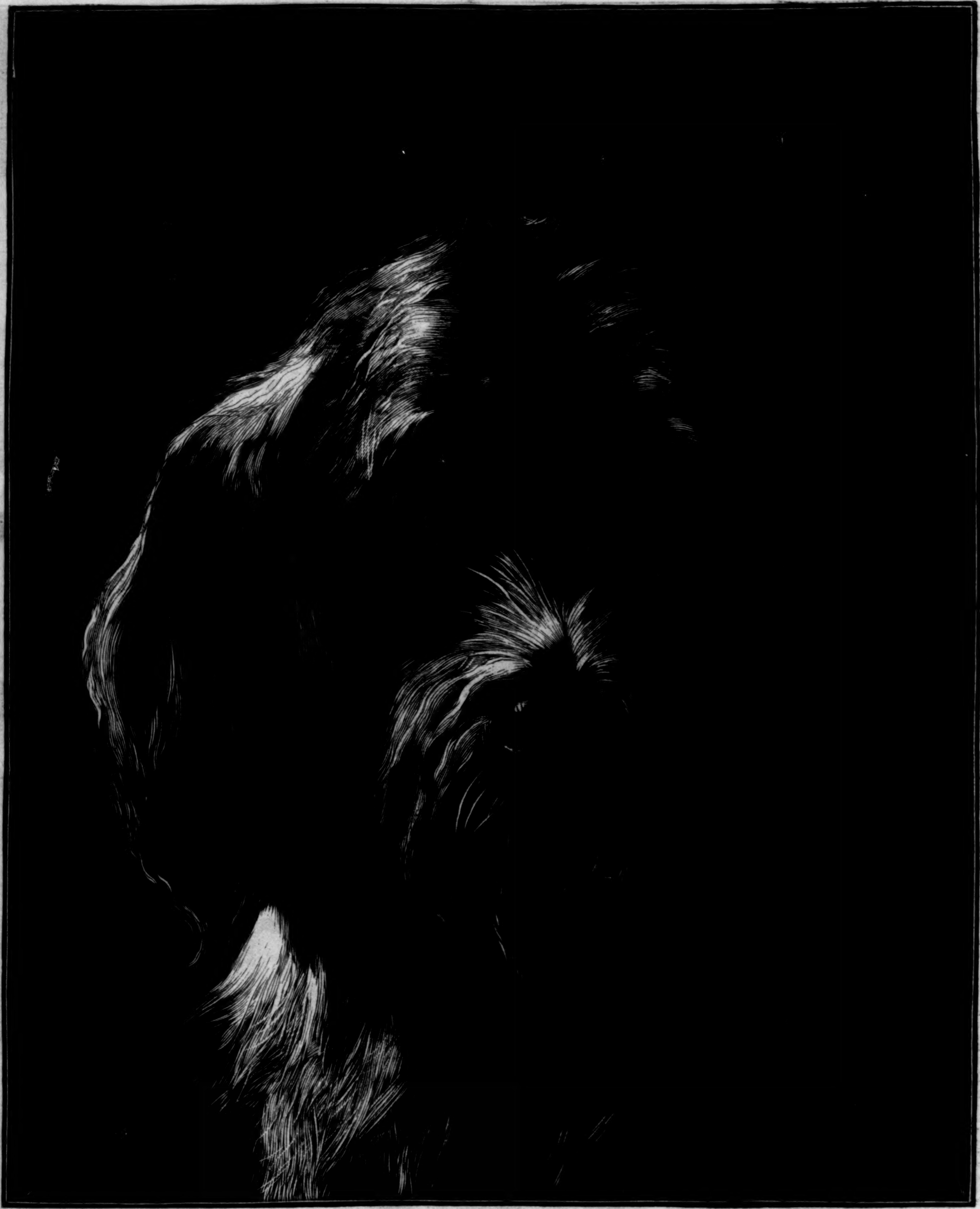

HEAD OF AN OTTER HOUND.

THE OTTER HOUND.

The otter hound is a cross between the blood-hound and the Southern hound, at once fierce enough to face the brave creature he hunts, and courageous enough to do the huntsman's bidding. Pardou, an English authority on dogs, in enumerating the attributes to be desired in an otter hound, says: "To the courage of the bull-dog he must add the sagacity of the pointer, the speed of the fox-hound, the constancy of the poodle, the cunning of the sheep dog, and the strength and endurance of the Newfoundland. He must be able to stand wet and cold, to hunt by sight as well as scent, to be undisturbed by the whoops and cries of the lookers-on, and to implicitly obey the voice and even the look of the huntsman: in fact, as Somerville describes him, a

'Deep-flewed hound, strong, heavy, slow, and sure;'

a thorough sporting dog, hard, wiry, grave, ready, and obedient."

In appearance the otter hound is a formidable animal, standing from twenty-two to twenty-four inches in height. The body is covered with a coat of very rough wiry hair, and the muzzle and face are plentifully provided with strong stubbly whiskers. The best otter hounds are found in Scotland, the northern counties of England, and Devonshire. Their principal characteristics are size and strength; they are of a mixed dun, tan, and gray color; they are keen of scent and deep of voice, with intelligent eyes, long ears, large loose flews and dewlaps, grizzled muzzles, and a dignified carriage. Among all the dog tribe they are the most accomplished swimmers. In seizing their prey the jaws never relax their hold, but the teeth are drawn through the flesh, inflicting terribly lacerating wounds.

Otter-hunting has long been a favorite sport in England, but, except in Lincolnshire, and counties where there is much water, otters have greatly diminished in number, so that now the sport is chiefly confined to Wales and Scotland. Formerly, however, the practice of hunting the otter was such a favorite amusement among British sportsmen that it not infrequently awoke the enthusiasm of rural poets. Somerville describes a contest between an otter hound and his victim as follows:

"See! that bold hound has seized him; down they sink,
Together lost; but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See! there escaped he flies,
Half drowned, and clambers up the slippery bank,
With ouze and blood distained. Of all the brutes,
Whether by nature formed, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
Beneath the whelming element; yet there
He lives not long, but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierced
His neck: the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fixed is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts, sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate; his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierced through and through,
On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins and bites in vain.
Bid the loud horns in gayly warbling strains
Proclaim the felon's fate. He dies! he dies!"

The otter, according to naturalists, belongs to the weasel family, but differs from the rest of its species in its aquatic habits. It also possesses a conformation adapted to these habits, which in some respects resembles that of the seal. The common otter is found in almost every part of the British Islands, and also throughout the continent of Europe and in some parts of Asia. It often attains a weight of from twenty to twenty-four pounds; its length is fully two feet, exclusive of the tail, which is about sixteen inches long. The color is a rich brown on the upper parts and outsides of the legs, being the color of the tips of the long hairs, which are gray at the base; the tips of the hairs in the soft inner fur are also brown, the base whitish-gray; the throat, breast, cheeks, belly, and inner parts of the legs are brownish-gray, sometimes whitish, and individuals are occasionally found with whitish spots over the whole body. The whiskers are very thick and strong; the eyes are black.

The otter frequents rivers and lakes, inhabiting some hole in their banks, generally choosing one which already exists, and seldom or never burrowing for itself. It also inhabits the sea-shore in many places, and swims to a considerable distance from land in search of prey. Its movements in the water are extremely graceful; it swims with great rapidity in a nearly horizontal position, and turns and dives with wonderful agil-

ity. Its prey consists chiefly of fish, and it seems to take pleasure in pursuing and killing far more than it is able to eat. It will daintily pick out the choicest morsel, leaving usually the head and a large part of the tail. When fish can not be had, however, it will satisfy the cravings of hunger with other food, such even as snails and worms. It will also attack small animals of any kind, and occasionally makes depredations far from any considerable stream.

The American or Canadian otter is very like the common otter, but considerably larger. The tail is also shorter, and the fur of the belly is almost of the same shining brown color as that of the back. This species is plentiful in the northern parts of North America; the skin is of considerable value, and is often exported to England and Europe. The American otter is not in any case hunted with dogs, but usually taken in a steel-trap placed at the mouth of its burrow.

BAVARIAN PEASANT SPORTS.

The peasant of the Bavarian Alps during his holidays enjoys a variety of pleasures, among which are Kegelbahn, Schuhplattltanz, and Haberfeldtreiben. Kegelbahn, as appears from the accompanying engraving, so closely resembles our own familiar game of ten-pins as to need no description; but the other two are so remarkable that a short account of them may prove interesting to our readers.

The idea of the Schuhplattltanz is taken from hunting life, from the movements of the moor-cock and wood-grouse. "In the early spring," says a German writer, "when the ice on the mountains is still unbroken, the hunter is astir betimes, and creeping stealthily up the hills in the gray morning twilight between the leafless trees, he surprises the big black wood-grouse whirling round the fluttering hen on the smooth surface of the snow, springing backward and forward, uttering his peculiar gulping call, and sometimes toppling over in his excited capers. No other word will express his behavior—he dances."

Throughout the dance the *rôle* of the two sexes is naturally and simply divided. The active part is assigned to the man; he is the suitor, the leader. The part of the maiden is to wait. The dance begins quietly enough, and when its merry mazes are at their height, the different couples waltz slowly round several times. Suddenly, however, the girls desert their partners. They must not leave them when standing still; that would be a great breach of peasant etiquette. They must steal away from them unawares. The ease with which the girls slip under the uplifted arm of their partners and the rapidity with which the dancers separate make this a very pretty figure, but it is succeeded by a scene of wild, almost frantic, excitement.

While the girls are modestly dancing together, the men dash roughly among them and form an inner circle. The music becomes louder, and the men begin to beat time on their thighs and feet with their great brown hands. A shrill whistling adds to the uproar; the floor rocks, the ceilings tremble; the music is as loud as the trumpets of Jericho, but it can scarcely be heard. In the midst of the confusion one peasant will perhaps perform the gymnastic feat known as "describing a wheel," while another will perform a *pas* in the air and come to ground with a crash that sets the windows rattling in their frames. Gradually the music becomes quieter, the trumpeters take breath, and the men return to their partners. Now comes the "wood-grouse" figure. Crowing and whistling, each one springs to his chosen mate, while the latter flies from him with circling motions. In imitation of the bird, the peasant spreads out his arms as though they were wings, now sinking to the ground before his partner, and now springing toward her with wild gestures; finally he "takes the maiden prisoner." The evolutions connected with the conquest are very intricate, and an old ballad says:

"The little maids are far the best;
They twirl and twist and whirl about
With never-failing zest."

When the dance is over, the gallant peasant takes his partner to a wooden pitcher and gives her something to slake her thirst; this is as indispensable as the silent bow with which a fashionable gentleman surrenders the lady on his arm. In the room with the wooden pitcher the old folks sit and gossip while the young ones are enjoying themselves. There plans are laid for the future, and the present is discussed with many a growl. Many, too, are the queer figures in the orchestra as the night advances. Though his nerves are of iron, the eyes of the weary fiddler close involuntarily. Frequently his head sinks lower and lower upon his violin, the strings of which he still strikes convulsively. The bugle-player usually has to be woke up for each dance, and in his hurry and confusion he often seizes the tankard instead of his instrument. It is only the young fellows and maidens who do not like to give in until morning. "He is a good night-bird," says the proverb, "who can dance for six nights running, and keep it up all the more merrily on the seventh."

Country dances like that just described are most general in the mountains; and it is only at Kirmess, when the journeymen join the dancers, that there is any real w
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ORTS—ELBAHN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

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the dance is repeat-
ein we see the work-ing, even in amusements, of that class system which is so deeply rooted in the whole system of German law and education. It is remarkable, too, how reserved the girls are with strangers. They do not care to dance with "gentlemen," for greater than the honor would be the disgrace to a maiden if her partner should make a mistake in the unfamiliar figures. And again a girl soon loses caste among the young fellows of her own class if she shows favor to a townsman. In affairs of gallantry the old principle that "a foreigner has no rights" still holds good.

Coquetry, jealousy, vanity, and rivalry are to be seen in mountain dancing-rooms. It is probable they exist wherever the human race is settled. One peculiarity especially distinguishes mountain society from that of the town—the girls are never accompanied by their mothers. Except at weddings the latter never appear in the dancing-room; and a stranger will look in vain for those worthy dames with whom drawing-room parties have made him familiar, who arrange the future lives of daughters, and select husbands for them when they are yet in their teens. The highlanders love free, unfettered action far too much to indulge in speculations, and education encourages their ruling passion. As soon as they can run alone, boys and girls go their own way. The lad has his "sweetheart," the maiden her "lover," and there is no interference except in extreme cases. Father and mother look on, and tell each other they did the same themselves. It is not, therefore, surprising that the girls are allowed to go to dancing-rooms alone, or that, in the absence of all constraint, a spirit of fun prevails that makes the occasion thoroughly enjoyable to all parties.

It is perhaps scarcely fair to describe the Haberfeldtreiben as one of the present customs of the highland peasantry of Bavaria, so earnest have been the recent endeavors of the authorities to suppress a usage which frequently degenerated into lawless persecution of some innocent victim. Haberfeldtreiben, which means literally "driving into the oat field," derives its name from an ancient practice of driving by means of rods certain young offenders into a field of oats and back again. In time, however, the word came to signify a rude, illegal prosecution of offenders, especially misers and usurers, who had been previously denounced by a supposed secret society. According to the usual process, the offending party receives in the first instance several warning and threatening letters. If these fail to secure his moral reformation, the ceremony of Haberfeldtreiben takes place.

Here the writer can not do better than to introduce the following letter, written by a peasant of the Bavarian Alps, and containing a more naïve and interesting description of the Haberfeldtreiben than any that could be produced by a stranger:

"DEAR ——: I know very well that for a peasant like myself it is no easy matter to write an account of any thing. I should like better to tell it with my tongue.

"Yesterday we had rare fun here at our Haberfeldtreiben. 'Tis an old custom, coming down from the Revelation [Revolution?], or the time of KARL the Great, and its use is to correct the bad conduct of the upper classes, and of some other people who can not be reached by the ordinary means of the law. As there are more rogues now than there used to be, so we have had lately more 'drivings into the oat-field,' and yesterday was a wonderful fine time for it. All the pools and drains had been hard frozen over during the previous night, and the following night was pitch-dark, so that you could not know who stood close to you unless you were told. At 11 o'clock [P.M.] the *gens-d'armes* made their 'paterol' (*patrouille*), when suddenly we heard of a terrific 'spidagl' [spectacle?] taking place behind the great hill. Elsewhere all around was quiet and still, as it was likely to be in such a dark night, when suddenly a light appeared alongside of the wood, and a loud outcry was heard. The police now ran forward toward the wood, but an advanced sentinel whom they had not seen called out, 'Stand! or I fire.' As the bold constables would not retreat, the sentinel fired at once, and a couple of bullets whistled between their heads. And now from the place where the light had first appeared there came forth several hundreds of men, all 'oat-field drivers,' as we call them, and all bearing arms and in full equipment as masqueraders. When they had taken their position on the great hill, they fired rockets, made a charivari with all their bells, and then recited their denunciations [of transgressors]. First of all they denounced the fat landlord of the tavern because he sells bad beer, and victuals that are no better. Then they railed against another tradesman, and called him a miser who has plenty of gold and is making more and more. 'But he has no more brains than a horse,' said they, 'and he can not help that, for his head is too short to hold them.'

"When all the denunciations were done, the 'spidagl' [spectacle] was commenced again—a jingle was made with all sorts of crockery and clanking things; there was beating upon the old drum saved from the time of the Russian war (or from some other old times), and at last the men fired away all their cartridges, joined in a dance, gathered themselves in close order, and then ran